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The Week-end Review

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The Doctrine of the Troika

BEHIND the sub-fusc tones of the Vienna communiqué can be detected one of the central issues of the new-style Soviet foreign policy. The USSR, in the eyes of its own government, has now achieved military and technical parity with the US; and Krushchev used the Vienna meeting to confront Kennedy with his claim that this new reality of world power must now be recognised. The 'clarification' of attitudes on Berlin and Vietnam and Cuba, the trifling Soviet concession (if it was one) on Laos, the fruitless discussions on disarmament and the nuclear-test ban were all of secondary importance compared with Krushchev's central doctrine of the 'Troika', the principle of triple-harness – Communist, western and uncommitted – in the administrative, as well as in the policy-making, organs of the UN. All other diplomatic goals are now subsidiary to Krushchev's bid for the right of veto in the ostensibly neutral machine which executes UN decisions.

Alarming though this doctrine must seem to Americans, Krushchev has some logic on his side. It has always been recognised that the UN could never survive if it worked against the vital interest of any of its great powers. Hence the veto in the Security Council, which for 15 years has been used regularly, and often in bad causes, by the Russians; scarcely at all by the US. But the Russians have been obliged – as the US has not – to fall back on the veto simply because they are permanently outnumbered in the Security Council; and the fact that their causes have mostly been bad does not destroy the case for the veto. Krushchev now extends this principle: not only are we permanently outnumbered, he says in effect, in the Security Council, but the Secretariat is similarly rigged against us; consequently decisions of the General Assembly (where the veto does not apply) are implemented against the interests of the USSR by a US-dominated Secretariat. Much of the Russian propaganda against the Secretariat can be discounted. Nevertheless there are some aspects of the UN operation in Congo (as of course there were in Korea) which support the Russian case.

The US in similar circumstances would never co-operate in an international machine which had a built-in bias against its policies. But Krushchev goes a little further than this: he advocates that the position of the uncommitted bloc should now be recognised by giving it equal status in the 'Troika' with the Communist and the western blocs. In other words the Russians are reasserting in the light of their own post-1945 experience the basic principle which was accepted by all the great powers when the Charter was drawn up. Disappointing though this brutal realism may be to those in the west who have laboured to make the UN an effective instrument of impartial law-enforcement, it has some force: in any social group the law, if it is to do justice between individuals, must reflect the realities of power and property. The alternative is a breakdown of law and a reversion to anarchy.

This is the real choice which Krushchev offered Kennedy in Vienna: a common acceptance of some sort of law, and thus the possibility of international agreements, provided the 'Troika' is accepted as the basis of all international law-enforcement; or no agreements and a return to the full rigour of the Cold War. It is hard for the West to abandon its defence of the existing Secretariat – too hard, indeed, unless Krushchev is willing to offer some substantial concession in return; yet it is the possibility of bargaining for such a concession which US diplomacy ought now to be exploring. It is very much to be hoped that Mr Kennedy will think long and earnestly before he makes a stereotyped cold-war response to Krushchev's demand. The Americans need above all time if a new administration is to offer a new deal to the under-developed and uncommitted world; and if Mr Kennedy really has confidence in the future of his policies, he may think it worthwhile making even a painful effort to buy the time – if it can be got at anything like a reasonable price.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

The Light that Failed

ANTHONY HOWARD

So now we know. The haste with which Mr David Ormsby-Gore was bundled off the domestic political stage last week, and the brisk marching orders given this week to the House of Lords to advance rapidly through all the stages of the bill setting up the new Department of Technical Co-operation, make it clear that the Prime Minister has at last got the point. That dose of new blood which the government so badly needs is no longer to be held up until July; it will certainly come this month, and the transfusion – since one or two donors have already eagerly volunteered for duty – may even take place by the end of this week.

Not unnaturally the prospect has made for a slightly tense, nervous period in the Conservative Party. It is hard to avoid a genuine feeling of compassion for the younger Conservative back-bencher. He is likely never to have known the freedom of opposition: by the end of this parliament something like three out of five Tory members will have sat through only Conservative administration. Even if he has won a by-election, a new man cannot nowadays expect more than a perfunctory cheer. And if his existence is ever acknowledged by authority it will almost certainly be because of some minor misdemeanour. (Mr Martin Redmayne, the government Chief Whip, has recently acquired a slightly sinister habit of passing bright-eyed but erring young members in the corridors of the Commons and muttering at them: 'I warn you, it'll do you no good'.)

In a way, therefore, the prize-giving could not have come at a more propitious moment; it at least introduces a little excitement into drab lives. But it has also strangely had a by-product which Mr Macmillan cannot at all have anticipated. The vision of the good boys – and in one case, but only one, a clever boy – being summoned to the study to receive their rewards has, in fact, brought out into the open all that envy, malice and uncharitableness which has perhaps been the outstanding new feature of Tory politics.

There are, of course, very few politicians built in the mould of Lord Amory who, when rung up by Sir Winston Churchill and invited to become Minister of Pensions in 1951, embarrassedly replied: 'I'm sorry, sir, I think you have the wrong man. I am Amory.' But this week the Conservative Party has revealed a state of mind going far beyond even the legitimate anxiety of personal ambition so often displayed by the more normal type of politician like Sir David Eccles. This time it has not been so much that the boys want the jobs for themselves; it is rather that they are actively determined that they shall not go to certain other people.

'Well, of course you could be right – I know he was at Chatham House but has he cut any ice here? . . .' 'Actually the astonishing thing is that the people who came here with outside reputations have been the biggest flops of the lot – there's Charles . . . .' 'I told my Whip straight out that there would be no room for me in a Conservative Party that gave office to an ex-deputy mayor like that' – so, this week, around the strawberry-laden tea-tables on the terrace. The prizes may not have been exactly glittering but the swords were certainly sharp.

To understand how this sour mood has come about one has to go back to that bright day, 20 October 1959, when some 75 new Conservative MPs (nearly half of them under 40) took their first nervous walk past the policemen and into New Palace Yard. At that time hopes were indeed high. The Bow Group was busily announcing – with that engaging immodesty that is its stock-in-trade – that although it now had ten members in the Commons it did not at all mean that it was in any sense a rival Conservative Party; bothered, elderly men in the Conservative Central Office were doing frenzied calculations to discover just how much the Conservative average age was younger than the Labour one, and up and down the land Young Conservative branches were celebrating the triumphs of some three or four former national chairmen who – as quite the oldest young men in British politics – had finally made the grade.

But the commentators, the analysts and the enthusiasts were almost certainly all looking in the wrong direction. Instead of smiling encouragingly at the young, they should have been studying quizzically the countenances of the veterans – of men like Sir Charles Mott-Radclyffe, Sir James Duncan and Sir John Maitland. For the outstanding fact of Conservative politics in the past 18 months has been the quite unexpected success of the knights, the majors and the squires in virtually sterilising the new blood.

That success can be seen in lots of ways. There is the Prime Minister ambling amiably around, taking the odd youthful arm in a paternal grip and murmuring: 'I expect you chaps aren't finding it terribly exciting, are you?' There was that fatuous, but possibly well-intentioned, edict from the Whips' office that from now on even the most lowly parliamentary secretary must regard it as a point of honour, if not of duty, to keep some young member happy (and also incidentally silent) by making him a PPS. And perhaps most significant of all there are the groans that now rise in the 1922 Committee when some intelligent but intransigent new Tory – like Mr Humphry Berkeley or Mr Julian Critchley – gets up to speak.

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In a sense the pass has even been sold by what can loosely be called the 'modern' part of the Conservative Party. The list of Tories signing the Common Market manifesto contained, for example, some startling omissions. But the younger and brighter names did not appear – simply because they would have done more harm than good.

Once Mr Peter Kirk had watered and nurtured a man like Commander Sir Peter Agnew, he could scarcely be expected to risk alienating him by sandwiching him between Mr Peter Tapsell and Mr Charles Longbottom.

For a time it looked as if all the resulting accumulated frustration and resentment might boil over on the unoffending heads of the junior ministers whom Mr Macmillan is about to appoint. But with the deliberately leaked appointment planned for Sir Edward Boyle at the new Department of Technical Co-operation, the Prime Minister has probably succeeded at least in staving off any serious protest – although there are sure to be some pretty stringent criticisms, especially if the strong claims of men like Mr Peter Smithers and Mr Charles Fletcher-Cooke are once again overlooked.

In any case the Prime Minister cannot really do any more than buy time. Sooner or later the Tory Party will have to fight its Armageddon – and to decide who goes home. It should be a fascinating contest when it comes; for quite apart from any differences on policy there is a basic distinction between the new men and the old. One of the dangers of the present vein of dissatisfaction in the Conservative Party in parliament is that it stems principally from men who care almost too much. The revolution by stealth which they would like to introduce is essentially one in which the Gentlemen get sent back to the pavilion and the Players take the field. The Conservative Party has always had the deepest distrust of the political professional pure and simple, but from now on it can scarcely avoid having to live with him. Very few of the new Conservative members are in parliament simply to amuse themselves or indeed from any motive of *noblesse oblige*: they are there as career politicians, even in a few cases with their parliamentary salaries as their only visible means of support.

About the ultimate outcome there can, of course, be little doubt. The only question is how long the traditionalists are going to be allowed to enjoy their present triumph. If it is conceded to them right up to the moment of the selection of the next Conservative leader, it could provide one of the more poignant moments of British politics. The solid knights, who on the evening Sir Anthony Eden resigned queued up in front of the telephone booths in the Carlton Club to deliver their instructions to the Chief Whip, will be taking a grave risk if when the time comes they employ the same tactic again. It would be tough to find that despite all appearances, one's views in fact no longer counted.

NEXT WEEK

Summer Books

An enlarged issue

Special literary features include

With Love

a sketch by BORIS PASTERNAK

Comments on the Week's News

The Summit

Tete à Tete

K. S. KAROL *writes*: In the space of five days Mr Kennedy and his wife have dined in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, in the grandeur of Schonbrunn and with the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Hundreds of journalists and photographers, flown especially from the US, have caught every detail of these social occasions, and, thanks to TV, millions of Americans have seen and probably appreciated their presidential couple regally received in the Old World.

But Mr Kennedy did not come to Europe so early in his presidency solely to make a prestige tour of royal palaces – immensely valuable though this has surely been to him in terms of his domestic politics. Neither his personal advisers nor the White House press corps bothered to disguise their anxiety about the trip: they realised that those five days would probably be decisive in shaping Kennedy's entire future attitude towards the Russians.

The reason that Kennedy has changed the view of peripatetic diplomacy which he held before his election is that 120 days in the White House have convinced him that a careful study of dispatches is not enough. Nor is a waiting game of help to him, for each day he is faced with new problems which cannot be settled piecemeal. He has realised that he can deal with them only when he has learnt Krushchev's answer to the global question: Does the Soviet Union want peace with America or does it propose to step up the pressure at every weak point in the world? The answer, which may not have been quite categoric to either question, has probably given Kennedy little help in making his nerve-racking decisions – and certainly it seems to have given him little pleasure.

There was a good deal of tension among the Kennedy team as the Vienna meeting opened. The de Gaulle visit, useful and even agreeable, did nothing to dissipate Kennedy's anxiety. As I watched him in Paris, smiling at the cameras which would portray him to his countrymen, but nervously clasping his hands or thrusting them into his pockets, it was clear that he was under considerable strain. This was not the same man, aggressive and lively, whom I had watched during the election campaign last year.

When I arrived in Vienna to report the Krushchev meeting, I was surprised to find that, although the American press had arrived in droves to cover the meeting, there were extraordinarily few Soviet journalists. I finally found the Russian reporters in the Imperial Hotel and I noticed that, in contrast to the edgy Americans, they were calm and even optimistic. For once they did not talk about 'the enormous importance of world peace' or 'the hopes of all the peoples for a pacific settlement' or any of their familiar clichés. They talked of a simple meeting which 'would certainly not settle East-West differences', as one put it, 'but would facilitate international understanding'.

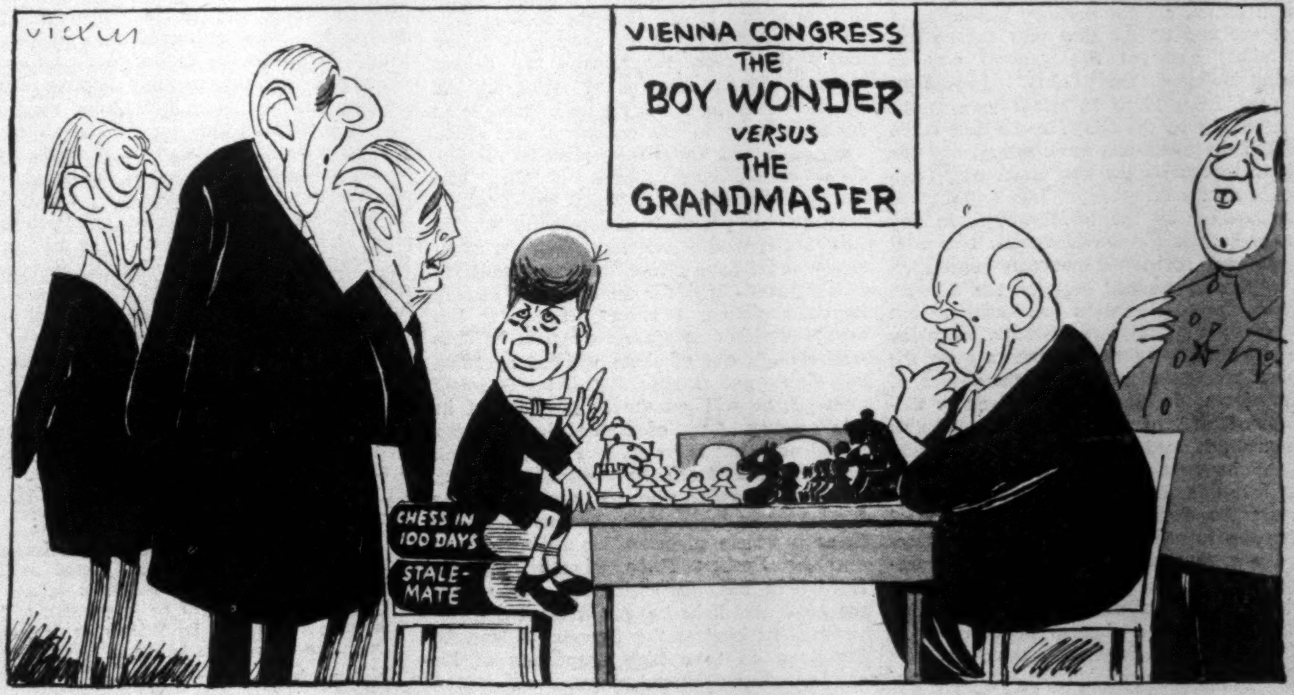
Krushchev himself gave much the same impression – at ease in these palatial surroundings, with the air of a man who has seen it all. He did not seem to be trying to run the show, as he did during his UN visit last year. It was Kennedy the millionaire, rather than the Ukrainian peasant, who looked ill at ease in Schonbrunn; and yet I found this uneasiness more humanly appealing than the cockiness he had shown during the presidential election.

Its basis seemed to be a realisation that the tide of events is now running against him. And Krushchev was not able or willing to tell him how to stem this tide: he merely insisted that the Americans recognise the new, unpalatable balance of power in the world. No wonder some of the shine seemed to have gone from Kennedy.

Zanzibar

Behind the Riots

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The second Zanzibar election, held last week in a effort to resolve the deadlock resulting from the earlier election last January, took place in an atmosphere of severe racial conflict. The basic cause of the antagonism is the fear of the 250,000 Africans that the 40,000 Arabs aim at continuing their traditional domination. It was the Arabs who brought African slaves to the island and it is the Arabs who have remained as the main land-owners. This racial antagonism has inevitably been aggravated by party rivalry since the January election. The Nationalist Party, which leans towards Cairo and Peking, is led by the Arab Ali Muhsin and appeals mainly to the Arab population, although it must have gained considerable African votes in both elections. The second main party, the Afro-Shirazis, led by the African Abeid Karume, is almost entirely an African party looking towards Tanganyika and Kenya on the mainland. Both these parties gained ten seats in last week's election. The Nationalists have secured power through their pact with the People's Party which obtained three seats. Ali Muhsin, who was generally expected to become Chief Minister, has made a shrewd bid for African support by standing down and offering this leading post to Muhammed Shamte Hamadi, the African leader of the People's Party. Yet the situation is complicated by the fact that the African community itself is divided between the Shirazis, who claim to be the original inhabitants of the islands, the slave descendants, and recent arrivals from the mainland. It is the Shirazis who have mainly supported the Nationalists. The new government is likely to press for a quick constitutional advance to independence under the Sultan.



'Then I moved a pawn and we adjourned . . .'

South-West Africa

Defending Apartheid

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: In spite of the South African Defence Minister's far-fetched excuse that Walvis Bay was never a German possession and is thus excluded from the South-West African mandate, his government is again showing its contempt for international law. The mandatory power is expressly forbidden to establish military bases; yet the South Africans are now sending air, army and naval forces to Walvis Bay and other parts of this mandated territory. Their purpose is two-fold. Months ago the United Nations resolved to send a commission of inquiry to the territory. Dr Verwoerd defiantly refuses to allow it to enter. His forces will be in a position to prevent its members from entering from any neighbouring territory, including the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland. Secondly, the South Africans are becoming desperately worried over the southward advance of African revolt into Angola. It is tragically ironic that refugees from the Portuguese terror in Angola are obliged to flee into either the chaos of the Congo or the apartheid of South-west Africa to escape massacre. They may light the fuse of revolt amongst the South-western tribes or, in view of the renewed Security Council debate, the United Nations may intervene to halt Dr Salazar's threatened genocide. Either eventuality would constitute a threat to Dr Verwoerd. The duty of the British government to support United Nations' authority is now inescapable.

Teachers

Sir David's Dilemma

NORMAN MACKENZIE *writes*: The teachers are so displeased with the new salary proposals of the Burnham Committee that it seems certain that the special conference of the National Union of Teachers later this month will follow the lead of its executive and reject them. The three points that have aroused most irritation are the derisory increment of £5 at the end of the first year (which has particularly annoyed the students now in training colleges), the miserly reduction of one year, from 17 to 16 rather than to the ten asked for by the NUT, in the time taken to reach the maximum basic salary, and the decision to operate the new scales only from January next year.

Ratification by the NUT would, in any case, embarrass Sir David Eccles. For even the proposed revision is markedly better than the settlement reached between the Scottish teachers and education authorities, but rejected by the Secretary of State. Were the NUT to accept the new Burnham scale the Cabinet would be faced with the choice of letting down Mr Maclay in Scotland or telling Sir David to turn down the English agreement. It need not make such a decision for the moment, but eventually Sir David must face this dilemma. If he is unwilling to increase the Treasury grant to enable local authorities to offer the teachers more attractive terms, then he must commit the government to opposing angry teachers everywhere.

Since, in such situations, the government always looks for a chance for delay or to divide its critics, it is possible that Sir David may propose a special inquiry into teachers' pay. This is long overdue, and if it were empowered to consider all aspects of teachers' conditions (including such perennial irritants as school meals) it could be well worthwhile. The danger is that it could be used as a means of driving a wedge between the Primary and Secondary teachers, or between male and female teachers. (Some members of the government are already toying with this idea.) But it is the large group of teachers who are on the basic salary, many of them in Primary schools, who are in greatest need and whom the teachers' claim was particularly designed to help.

Fleet Street

Hail & Farewell

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes:* When this column next appears it will be contributed once more by Francis Williams, shortly homing from the University College of Los Angeles, where I hope that as a temporary professor he got a better hearing for his lectures on the press than I did when I was competing with sophomores chanting the letters 'U-C-L-A' at football matches against rival universities.

It has been illuminating to occupy Williams's pulpit. For the first time in a quarter of a century I have had an editor, and I have come to realise how awesome editors can be to contributors – as well as helpful (although even the most vigilant cannot help if the contributor is careless, as for example when I inadvertently implied that Beaverbrook Newspapers had relaxed their firm rule against PRO-financed trips). But I hand over to Williams without much sorrow because Fleet Street, which was not in a particularly agreeable mood when he left for the US last February, has become even more unhappy in this short space of time. There is an air of *malaise* over The Street which overwhelms even my optimism.

This week's gossip – still unconfirmed as I write – makes the point. With persistent rumours that Associated Newspapers are passing from the Harmsworth family to Roy Thomson (is he at last, after so much effort, about to become Fleet Street's second Canadian proprietor?) and that the *Sunday Dispatch* is folding up in the process, faces are longer than ever. Why hasn't the Beaver made a bid for Associated? After all, the *Dispatch* and the *Sunday Express* have been complementary to one another if not allies. They have both based themselves on middle-class, middle-brow appeal. If they had merged, the *Express* (always the Beaver's darling: his personal responsibility for its existence is weekly emblazoned on its masthead) would have secured a total circulation of 4,500,000 – thus for the first time passing its daily sibling. I know the Beaver has always set his face against mergers; he does well enough out of them without spending any money and reckons that, if the *Dispatch* does go, he will get the lion's share of its sale anyway. And, of course, he probably would not want to be saddled with the *Mail* – still less the *Sketch*.

Bill Hardcastle, whose editorship of the *Mail* deserves much credit, has my sympathy if, as is widely expected, his chair is taken over by Herbert Gunn of the *Dispatch*. Hardcastle has liberalised and modernised the *Mail*; and if he has not made it quite so good of its kind as the *Express*, at least he has hung on to a high proportion of his ex-*News Chronicle* readers.

Lord Rothermere has never been politically minded like the Lords Beaverbrook and Camrose. He intervened decisively in the policy of the *Mail* at the time of the abdication and again at Suez, when he personally about-faced the paper's line overnight, guessing that Eden's health would no longer stand the strain. Otherwise he has let his editors get on with it. If Thomson now takes over, I predict that he will be an equally unobtrusive proprietor – and Gunn, who, like me, is a technician without passionate political conviction, should suit him well. It looks like clearing the decks then for the battle of the Canadian giants. The Beaver, of course, will win – but in the meantime Roy Thomson will make plenty of lolly. Which is his proclaimed purpose.

The Rothermere-Thomson rumour is the latest but by no means the only cause of current gloom among newspaper men. They point glumly to Cecil King's speech in America that he would willingly sell the *Daily Herald*, even though he guaranteed its continued existence for seven years. They look at the announcement that *Woman*, a sixpenny, three-million sale Odhams weekly, is absorbing *Woman's Illustrated*, a fivepenny Fleetway magazine with only 750,000 sale, and that *Woman's Own* (2,200,000) is absorbing *Woman's Day* (900,000). They regard the rationalisation of these magazines as another threat to their bread and butter and an indication of future trends. This, to them, is only another stage in the slaughter in which not just magazines but daily and Sunday newspapers are involved.

The birth of the *Sunday Telegraph* since Francis Williams became a Pilgrim Father does not bring much solace to Richard Hoggart's friends in El Vino's, where there are still more knockers than supporters. I do not share this view; indeed I had confirmation of my hunch that the *Sunday Telegraph* would succeed – if only it could rid itself of some of its more blatant second-rate blemishes! – when recently I decided to reduce my intake of Sunday papers, and my wife retained the *Telegraph* on her list because 'it is a jolly good woman's paper'.

What else for Francis Williams? The type in the *Express* grows larger every day, and the formula seems still to be successful. The *Mirror* has been quiescent since it forced Prince Philip on his Indian tour to have a diplomatic whitlow, possibly because Hugh Cudlipp among his multitudinous responsibilities is working hard on the *Daily Herald*. It is early days yet, but so far the only signs of the redoubtable Cudlipp at the *Herald* are another typographical shampoo, which has made it attractively different in appearance from its rivals, and a digest of the articles in the Odhams-Fleetway women's magazines every Tuesday. Like the old *News Chronicle*, however, the *Herald* has not yet found anything much of its own to say, or the way of saying it. Maybe Cudlipp and John Beavan, the *Herald's* editor, should send for a copy of a new book on the life of Joe Patterson, the pioneer owner of the *New York Daily News*. Patterson once rejected an editorial because it read too much as if an editorial writer had written it. Now study this example of recent *Herald* leader-writing (with my italics):

> *It is true that* Lord Home also delivered a lecture on how Britain has acted in her colonies *which can be read as a rebuke* to Portugal. And *it might be hoped that* at last night's meeting with Dr Salazar he demanded an end to the ruthless killing in Angola.

Not much fire in the belly there.

As a valedictory summing up, I assert that to be successful newspapers (and journals of all kinds) must have something to say; must say it attractively for the public they are aiming at; and must back the message with the most exhaustive news-gathering they can afford, skilfully projected. Size is not all. Papers like the NEW STATESMAN and the *Economist* survive and flourish for these reasons, while papers like the *News Chronicle* die. Fleet Street to-day needs some young Beaverbrooks – men ready to spend money, to back causes with passion and sometimes even with prejudice. You may abominate the Beaverbrooks of journalism but you cannot ignore them – and you can ignore so much of Fleet Street's output to-day.

Moscow

Aid for Trade

A Special Correspondent writes: Imagine a successful West End play running for three weeks to packed houses, with long queues for seats; then picture the management suddenly closing the theatre. This gives some idea of the sense of loss that pervaded the site of the British Trade Fair on Sunday evening as the workmen came in to dismantle the stands. Large numbers of Russians wanted to see the Fair, but enough tickets were not available. I was approached for tickets by all manner of Soviet citizens, from taxi-drivers to schoolmasters. That many Russians would have liked to see the Fair continue even longer merely indicates the widespread interest it has aroused over here in British goods.

'Serious' is the word best applied to the Fair as a whole. Certainly, the Soviet Union has exploited its possibilities to the full. Among the 80,000 visitors each day have been the heads of all the regional economic councils. These officials enjoy a measure of financial autonomy and do not have to invoke the sanction of higher authority to buy items that can be purchased with the money placed at their disposal. Certainly, the pointed questions they put to exhibitors further underlined the serious character of the Fair. That the Russians credited us with equally serious intent is eloquently testified by their happy decision to lift the ban both on the books exhibited at the Fair and on the films shown in the exhibitors' cinema. Admittedly, 125 of the 140 films shown were of a technical nature; on the other hand, even technical films can have propaganda content, and there was always the possibility that the remaining 15 documentaries might in some way have offended Soviet susceptibilities. That the Soviet authorities knowingly took this risk and, in addition, lifted the ban on all photographic film passing out of the Soviet Union, says much both for their serious concept of the Fair and for their attribution of serious intent to the British.

That the British also meant business is amply demonstrated by the presence of 541 company directors who came to Moscow specially for the Fair. Since the number of exhibitors totalled only 725, it can be seen what a high proportion of industrial 'top brass' this represents. Such direct high-level participation has surely been well rewarded. Even halfway through the Fair, there was hardly a company which had not received inquiries from Russian specialists in the relevant field. By the end of the Fair, not only had £10m worth of prototype orders been placed (which compares with a figure of £36m for total UK exports to the Soviet Union in 1960) but almost all the 2,500 tons of exhibits had been bought up by 16 Soviet foreign trading corporations. However, more important even than orders placed are the very real foundations laid for future trading with the Russians.

A factor accounting for the comparative paucity of immediate, firm orders is the need, in a planned economy, to refer all big buying decisions above regional level to the central authority; and this takes time. Another is that the big state buyers may be holding their hand until they see what Britain intends buying at the Russian Fair, due to open at Earl's Court on 7 July. It may be held that this is a somewhat doubtful reason for delay, since there is *already* ample scope for increased Russian buying (last year the British bought from the Russians twice what they bought from us) and that what the British do, or do not do, at Earl's Court is therefore irrelevant. It is irrelevant in another sense also. If the Russians really want to buy from us, say, an automatic Microshave patent weft-cutter, they do not first have to sell us bacon or oil to the equivalent value; the weft-cutter can equally well be paid for in gold from their natural reserves.

Mr Vasily A. Kamiensky (until recently head of the Soviet Trade Delegation in London) complained to me in an interview that, so far this year, the Board of Trade had refused export licences to ten items including reversible speed-reducing apparatus, carbonised nickel and helicopter turbine engines. Since, in his opinion, these and similar items had not the remotest connection with defence (such a connection being an understood ground for refusing a licence), he felt that permission to export them to the Soviet Union should have been freely granted. In fact, the Board of Trade has, on the whole, been very generous with licences and undue weight should not, therefore, be attached to the few cases where they have been refused. The Russians have, in any case, taken up only about a third of the British quotas, so there is ample scope for further Soviet buying of British goods within the permitted territory.

The Neutral Economy

BARBARA CASTLE

This is the second of two articles examining the new trends in Yugoslav economic policy and their relevance to Socialist theory in other countries.

In agriculture, as in industry, the Yugoslavs have had to discard Soviet techniques. Forced collectivisation of the peasant and forced deliveries of his produce to the state brought production to a standstill. In 1952, therefore, they transformed their policy. Private ownership of land was not only permitted but guaranteed in the constitution. The state farms were turned into independent enterprises, run by workers' councils, and the compulsory 'collectives' were wound up. Membership of work co-operatives (in which the peasants farm their land in common, while retaining their individual title to it) was made completely voluntary. Today 91 per cent of the agricultural land is privately owned. By law no peasant may own more than 24 acres. In practice the average holding is less than 12 acres.

The switch from coercion to persuasion went further still. Prices paid to the farmer were raised and his tax burden reduced. He became the only person in Yugoslavia to enjoy subsidies – chiefly on fertilisers, seeds, petrol and machinery. As a result his relative position improved. But the fragmentation of the land carried the same dangers as decentralisation in industry, and vigorous steps have had to be taken by the central authorities to counteract this. One of these has been the transformation of the co-operative movement, which since 1952 has been instructed to drop its urban activities and concentrate on the individual farmer.

Some 4,800 of these general agricultural co-operatives have been set up in the villages – where they enter into a variety of relations with the farmer either as member or user. They have helped him with credits, machinery, improved seeds and expert advice. They have offered him guaranteed prices if he cares to use the co-operative for marketing purposes, and 70 per cent of the farmers have taken advantage of this. In return the co-operatives have insisted on his applying the improved techniques (e.g. deep ploughing, fertilisers) which the government demands.

This development has been backed by the allocation of an increased share of investment to agriculture. As a result a steadily diminishing labour force on the land achieved an annual rate of growth in agriculture output of ten per cent in 1956-59 as against the anticipated seven per cent. Thanks to the new methods, plus a bumper harvest in 1959, yields of certain crops, notably wheat, maize, hemp and sugar beet, exceeded the estimates of the 1957-61 plan, though livestock development lagged behind. But when these figures are broken down, it is clear that the most impressive increases were achieved on the large socially owned and co-operative farms. In 1959, for instance, the yield of wheat per hectare on the farms applying the new techniques was 43 quintals on the large social estates, compared with 28 quintals on the holdings even of farmers collaborating with the co-operatives; while the yield of the 'go it alone' farmers was a mere 15.6 quintals.

The reason is that the larger units are more suitable for experiments in the new techniques. Though covering a mere nine per cent of the farm-land, they operate about 80 per cent of the nation's tractors. Their consumption of fertilisers in 1959 was twice as great as that of the individual farmers collaborating with the co-operatives and eight times as great as that of the non-collaborating peasant. Many of them are now helping the individual farmer with ploughing, expert advice, and the supply of breeding stock.

All this has encouraged the government to try to re-introduce large-scale production by the back door. A new type of independent enterprise – the Agrokombinat – is now being tried out. These social estates, run by workers' councils, specialise in the improvement of livestock and in the mass production of high quality meat for export. Irrigation schemes provide another way of encouraging the peasants to merge their land. By their very nature such schemes must cover a wide area and embrace everyone.

The Yugoslav method is to hold a referendum of the peasants in a chosen district on whether they want an irrigation scheme. If the majority vote yes, an independent enterprise of the users is set up which borrows the necessary money from the investment bank, proceeds with the scheme and fixes the water charges to pay for it. These charges offer no problem to the co-operative farms, which, with the help of machinery, can get two crops annually from the land. The small individual farmer, however, often finds them prohibitive. He then has the choice either of renting his land to the co-operative (and working on the co-operative farm for a cash wage as well) or of selling it.

The Yugoslavs are very sensitive to the suggestion that they have abandoned the attempt to achieve 'Socialist relations' in agriculture. Answering Soviet gibes on this, Mr Kardelj retorted recently that progress towards socialisation of agriculture was to be achieved 'painlessly'. He made it clear that the general co-operatives were merely a 'typical transient manifestation' necessary in a period of small-scale production. The government's aim, he insisted, was still to squeeze the surplus peasants off the land. Already the percentage of the population engaged in agriculture has fallen from 75 per cent to 50 per cent: it must be halved again if Yugoslavia is to man-up her expanding industry. But clearly, the more prosperous the peasants become with the help of co-operatives, the more reluctant they will be to leave their beloved holdings – unless some stronger pressure is applied to them.

The Sensation of Freedom

In Yugoslav thinking, therefore, there is a dichotomy. Her present mixture of central planning and monetary policy has clearly been successful in a transitional period. She can rightly boast that she has lifted the country out of its post-war rut of backwardness without the apparatus of a police state. She has done it as much by making her people feel they have freedom of choice as by giving them real freedom. Every visitor to Yugoslavia can testify to its relaxed atmosphere, partly due to the tolerant flexibility of its leaders' philosophy and partly to the fact that the pill of national austerity has always been sweetened by a reasonable allocation of resources to consumer goods.

Personal consumption has been increasing at an average of seven per cent per annum compared with four to five per cent in the Soviet Union. Yugoslavia's national income per head has now passed the low-water mark of a backward country, and her people dispose of enough economic power to apply the first real test to her system of direct democracy. Under what ideological flag, therefore, is Yugoslavia going to move into the next stage of her development?

On paper her leaders are committed to still further instalments of economic automatism. Their pre-occupation now is with the improvement of quality; and in discussing the new five-year plan for 1961-65, Mr Audo Humo, the federal minister in charge of that plan, has declared that the best way of achieving this is to get rid of the last remnants of administrative interference and to establish conditions in which 'the market mechanism and the free decisions of the direct producers should play a greater part'.

Various steps are already being taken to this end. Workers' councils are being encouraged to relate rewards even more closely to hard work and individual efficiency. The central banking system is being made more specialised, while communal banks have become responsible for granting credits to the enterprises purely on the basis of economic criteria. The present 'administrative' distribution of foreign currency is to give way to a liberal system, under which the existing multiple rates of exchange will be co-ordinated into one general rate, and imports will be regulated (if at all) by a customs tariff, and in certain cases by quotas. This reform is being carried through in co-operation with the International Monetary Fund, which has provided the foreign currency to make it possible. Thus Yugoslavia is making a bid to enter the world market on a 'liberal' basis at the very moment when the IMF's doctrinaire devotion to multilateral principles is being called in question.

Ironically, since Yugoslavia announced this change, she has had a sharp reminder of the dangers of trying to liberalise the economy too quickly on too insecure a base. The relative failure of last year's harvest has compelled the government once again to seek foreign assistance and import wheat. Moreover, similar dangers face her in industry. As Mr Humo himself points out, Yugoslavia's greatest need is to concentrate on the following priorities: a big expansion of her iron and steel, chemical and other raw material industries; the application of better techniques to agriculture 'by enlarging the big social estates'; the modernisation of transport; the rationalisation of the building industry; more scientific and industrial research. Yet these are the fields in which central planning and the large-scale organisation of her resources are imperative.

It is clearly absurd, for instance, that a poor country like Yugoslavia should not be standardising her building methods and materials – a process which decentralisation hardly encourages. Research, too, should be a national responsibility; up to now it has been practically non-existent. Scientific research, such as it is, was already organised on a federal basis. But industrial research falls within the province of the independent enterprises, which simply have not the resources to do it properly. In theory, they can form associations to set up institutes for research within their own branches of industry. But in practice little or nothing is being done. Nor is it likely to be done as long as responsibility is so fragmented.

At the very moment, therefore, when key British industrialists – and even the President of the United States – are beginning to recognise the need for more government planning and state intervention, Yugoslavia is proposing to weaken her central authorities. The reason for this is as much political as economic. Her leaders are uneasily conscious of the bureaucratic dangers of the one-party state. That is why they lay such stress on the virtues of 'direct democracy' in which decentralisation and free consumers' choice play such an important part. The Yugoslav worker, they argue, enjoys a higher type of democracy than his western counterpart because he directly controls his own economic destiny.

Certainly the system of workers' councils and communes has brought a new democratic vitality into industry. The ordinary worker participates in discussions and decisions to an extent unknown in the western democracies. But in the higher echelons of government the Communists still play a dominant part. Whereas, for instance, they hold only about 15 per cent of the places on the workers' councils, they monopolise every one of the 35 posts in the federal Cabinet. It is true that every detail of the central plan has to be ratified by the National Assembly, and ministers claim that they by no means get everything their own way. None the less they clearly control the levers of political influence and, despite the endless discussions of policy which take place through voters' meetings organised by the Socialist Alliance (to which 85 per cent of the Yugoslavs belong), there is little evidence of any real electoral challenge coming from below. In the last National Assembly election, for instance, two-thirds of the seats were uncontested. As long as this is so, the mass of the people cannot be said really to be creating their own leadership.

Danger of Over-compensation

In laying so much stress, therefore, on economic automatism, the Yugoslavs are over-compensating for the curtailment of political rights. It would be a pity if they themselves did not realise this. They have strong grounds for arguing that, in a period of transition, Yugoslavia could not afford the luxury of western-type political democracy. As one Communist put it to me, 'Without a strong League of Communists we could not afford such democracy as we have'. Yugoslavia's leaders can argue, too, that by steadily strengthening the powers of the local enterprises, they are progressively weakening their political hold. But in doing so they are also weakening the unifying activities of the central government.

In the meantime Yugoslavia, by over-emphasising the importance of economic man, is in danger of creating a new type of social a-morality. Her leaders have already realised this. That is why they have introduced income tax (payable at 2½ per cent of the net earnings distributed to the worker) and even surtax on the few exceptionally high personal incomes. When I asked why this disincentive type of taxation had been introduced, I was told: 'Because the economy is morally neutral. Some enterprises enjoy a specially favourable position in the market. These taxes therefore are re-distributive'.

But as the enterprises become increasingly powerful and independent, such discrepancies in rewards may grow. Already the trade unions are uneasy about this development. One of their Communist leaders told me that the wages system should be adjusted so as to take into account the arbitrary advantages enjoyed by certain groups and to share some of these advantages with the community. He added frankly: 'It is up to the League of Communists to persuade workers in the more favoured enterprises to accept sacrifices.' The Communists therefore, are now making a bid to temper economic automatism with social morality. But they are having to do so against the whole bias of their economic philosophy.

For all these reasons it is to be hoped that Yugoslavia's new thinkers will proceed cautiously. Their advocacy of decentralisation and economic democracy has had a salutary influence on other Communist countries – not least, though he would not admit it, on Mr Krushchev, who is now, for instance, keen on the merits of a collective farm system in which the peasants have a part-share in the produce and management, as against the more orthodox concept of the state farm. All this is to the good, but it would be a pity if, by an over-enthusiastic addiction to the new doctrine, the Yugoslavs, having travelled so far, should now lose their way.

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London Diary

CHARON

I'm told the various priests of protocol were grievously affronted by the Kennedys' decision to stay with the Radziwills at Buckingham Place rather than the Windsors at Buckingham Palace. The purpose of the visit was, surely, twofold: to attend the christening of the President's niece and to give Mr Macmillan his directives and tell him as much about the Vienna conversation as was considered good for him. The latter aim implied an aura of officialdom that transcended the domain of incognito. A visiting Head of State is normally expected to put up either at the residence of his opposite number – in this case HM the Queen – or at his own country's embassy. The first, and perhaps the most probable, explanation offered is that the Kennedys, wishing to underline their preference for casual informality, simply accepted the invitation from brother-in-law Radziwill, that Prince of PROs.

* * *

This doesn't suit my friend, the man who always knows better than anyone else and who, I must say, is surprisingly often right. He holds that Kennedy is determined to rub the Prime Minister's nose in it – it being Britain's anomalous position in the modern world as expendable carrier-base and economic odd-man-out. And he argues that a certain anti-British-Establishment informality is subjectively linked with Kennedy's Irish background and his debt to his Irish-American supporters with their typically Hibernian long memories. Did not the President's brother, the Attorney-General, say in a recent speech on US television, *à propos* the Alabama race riots: 'One hundred years ago my family had to leave Ireland, driven out by the British and the potato famine. When they arrived in Boston they saw notices saying: "No Irish need apply". Today we have an Irish President. Soon, in less than 100 years, I'm sure, we shall have a Negro President.'

* * *

Close evening. Sullen overcast sky. The river – as Mr Eliot reminds us – sweats oil and tar, even at flood tide. 'Might spot a jumper tonight', said the River Police – or, more correctly, Thames Division sergeant, as he steered the patrol boat past the house where Wren lived when he was building St Paul's and under Cannon Street Bridge. A jumper is a would-be suicide who tries to drown himself, or more often herself, by leaping into the Thames. Charing Cross, Waterloo and London Bridge are the most popular. If a Thames Division boat patrol spot a jumper on a bridge looking as if about to take off, they radio Scotland Yard while trying to detain the jumper in conversation. The average number of suicides in the 36-mile stretch of river patrolled from Teddington to Dartford is around 100 a year. The majority of them, the sergeant told me, are elderly prostitutes. They are particularly difficult to identify because all their identification is in their handbags which float away with the tide.

* * *

We didn't spot any jumpers or any corpses, but my night out with the patrol boat was a fascinating experience, highly informative as well as emotive. The crew of three kept up a running commentary all the way. Below Tower Bridge and past Wapping, where the river curves out and around the bewilderingly disorientating Isle of Dogs, they got into their stride: 'There's the Cunarder they sold to the Japanese. That's the new 10,000 ton cable ship. Marvellous technical job. She takes the place of the old 'un. Unlucky ship she was: sabotage, fights, manslaughter, blood all over the place. That's where Brunel built the *Great Eastern* in 1858. Twenty-six thousand tons steel ship: took six months to launch her. That looks like a bit of bomb damage. It ain't, you know. That was done by the *Asia*. Gave them a shock when her bows came into the best bedroom.'

Up Deptford Creek past the General Steam Navigation Company and the *Kentish Hoy*, an esoteric dockside pub. Here, as the sergeant pointed out, is one of the strangest railway fantasies in England: the Deptford Creek Bridge on the London Bridge-Greenwich line. By an Act of 1829, whenever a ship needs to pass up the creek, the bridge, which is in principle like a miniature Tower Bridge, has to be lifted. The train-load of city gents sits and waits while 20 men work by hand the ancient winding gear. Not long ago, a station master refused to allow the bridge to be lifted until the train had passed. A shipping company claimed that he had breached the Act: rail must give way to sail.

* * *

The river sweats oil and tar – and other things besides. It is nothing like as stinking as it was a few years ago; and, when both the huge sewage pipe systems, the North Fall and the South Fall, are in full operation there is even hope that fish may return. Up to two years ago it was quite black and the air so mephitic that burnished fittings oxidised in no time. The all-time peak period for stench in recent years was the Festival of Britain. 'We used to say,' said one of the crew, 'that when the pong reached the House of Commons something might be done.' It did; something has been done. Nonetheless, the unplanned confusion of the London river is still a plainer lesson than any text book of economics.

* * *

How can we object to the savagery in Angola? It is a beastly affair which neither Portuguese censorship nor the amiable indulgence of Lord Home (a true gentleman to the Portuguese) can gloss over. I am glad to report that the Council for Freedom in Portugal will hold a meeting at the Central Hall on Friday 16 June, at 7.30. The speakers include Barbara Castle, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Basil Davidson and Manuela Sykes.

* * *

Anyone who stays in a hotel these days may have noticed in his room a bible presented by a body known as Gideon's International. The GI is an American organisation founded in 1899. Its aim is 'To place the Bible or the New Testament in the traffic lanes of humanity'. (These include hotels, prisons and hospitals.) Eleven years ago a delegation from Gideon's International decided it was time to set up a base in this country. The London end, which has a permanent staff of three, raises money locally but can always rely on US generosity. Gideon's International has thriving cells in other countries, especially Japan, and has distributed its product in 56 countries all told, to the extent of several million copies.

Having learned this, I was all the more amused to find, in the flyleaf of the Gideon Bible in a hotel in which I stayed in Cambridge recently, fervent inscriptions in large block capitals made by an obvious Nuclear Disarmer: *'Jesus demands that we should ban the bomb!'* And *'As many Bibles as you like, but no Bombs!'* Gideon's International is strictly interdenominational and plainly ultra-Christian. So long as the inscriptions are confined to such exemplary Christian sentiments, I feel sure it will have no objection.

* * *

Wolf Mankowitz, when I saw him last Sunday, was cheerfully resigned to losing about £20,000 on the ill-fated *Belle* which I have not seen. He said that already his ego had benefited from a flop: he felt in closer touch with reality. I thought this a commendable display of good losing. He was, however, just as convinced as before that he had had a raw deal from the critics, and didn't regret any of his counter-agitation. I used to think that Bernard Levin was not only bright but also reliable. However, some recent exhibitionist eccentricities have made me doubt. There was his notorious dismissal – admittedly nothing to do with the theatre – of the Russian space-flight as a big lie. Not long ago he dismissed a play about newspapers bidding for the life story of a murderer's girl-friend as written by someone who obviously hadn't been near Fleet Street in his life. This play certainly had some fairly glaring faults, but its author was a craftily experienced journalist, who was once a leader-writer for the *Evening Standard* and used to go for pre-breakfast walks in Green Park with Beaverbrook; he unquestionably knew a great deal about Fleet Street. Then last week there was Levin's onslaught on Genet's *Les Noirs* at the Royal Court. Judging by the theatrically knowledgeable Tynan, neither play nor production is exactly happy. But Levin's peroration: 'The whole sorry episode is a commentary on a culture which has decided that, because the truth is incomprehensible, the incomprehensible must be true', was a cry from the middle-brow heart. His transition from infant prodigy to baby blimp is almost complete.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The increasing number of British people going to France for holidays has provided a new market for British rock. A Poole confectionery firm today dispatched their first consignment, lettered all through with the words 'Paris, France'.

Mr Philip Dryan, a director, said: 'British visitors have been asking for rock sticks, but the French have nothing like it. It seems that thousands of British holidaymakers just won't believe they are really on holiday unless they can get the traditional sweetmeat they have been used to at places like Bournemouth, Brighton, and Southend.' – *The Times.* (K. Corrigan.)

Wine, instead of water, will spurt from a fountain at the Kensington home of Mr. Christopher Rowley, 32-year-old son of Sir William Rowley.

A London wine shipper to whom I described the fountain, said after a shocked pause: 'I trust that only non-vintage wines will be used.' – *Daily Express.* (Richard Taylor.)

Sir William is full of such unselfconscious local patriotism: 'In Yorkshire we never hear a word of politics, which is very nice. People sometimes start by getting up and saying they represent the Labour Party. But they soon get a real sense of public service.' – *Observer.* (James S. Wright.)

AEI WORLD ELECTRICAL NEWS—15

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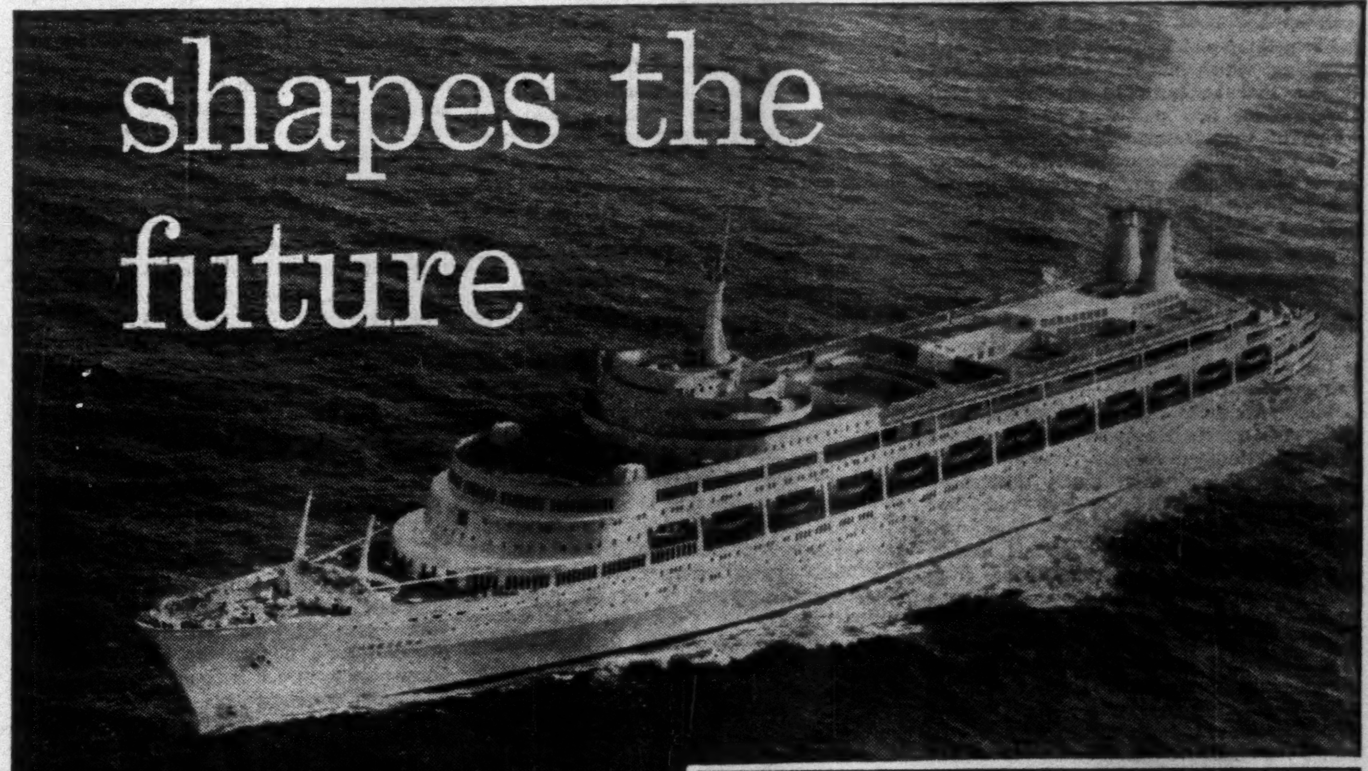

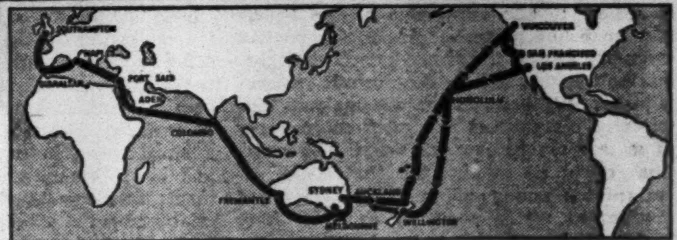

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Sage of Zurich

ANTHONY STORR

'Nobody reads my books', said Jung in a recent interview; and it is certainly true that, of the three great figures in dynamic psychology, Jung is the least read and the least understood. It is not altogether surprising that this is so. For, although the *Collected Works of C. G. Jung* have been gradually appearing in an expert translation, it must be admitted that to tackle them is a formidable task.

The reader in search of enlightenment who picks up any book of Freud's will usually find something which applies to himself, and something which he can understand. But suppose that he turns to *Psychology and Alchemy* – the first published of the recent edition of Jung. Instead of an illumination of his personal problems, he finds a lengthy and erudite discussion of a series of dreams and their relation to the search of the medieval alchemists for the philosopher's stone, a search which has long been discredited by science. Small wonder that he drops the book, saying either that Jung is too deep for him, or else that he is a crank, lost in a wilderness of speculative philosophy. In his writing, Jung has sometimes been his own worst enemy.

What have been his main contributions? The question is best answered by an outline of the development of his thought. In his early life Jung was much influenced by Freud, although he had published strikingly original work before they met. But a certain intransigence in his nature, characteristic of genius, prevented him from being content to remain in the position of a pupil. From his observation of psychotic patients in the Burgholzli Mental Hospital, Jung reached the conclusion that the unconscious produced material which was derived from a deeper source than that of repressed, infantile experience. This source he named the collective unconscious. He already possessed a wide knowledge of the beliefs and myths of primitive people, for he had originally wanted to become an archaeologist; and he was thus able to demonstrate remarkable parallels between the dreams and fantasies of his patients and recurrent patterns of myth from all over the world. The variations might be infinite, but the themes remained the same; and to these themes and the figures which appeared in them Jung gave the name of archetypes.

Freud's interest, in his early days, was chiefly centred upon the study of neurosis, since he never worked in a mental hospital for more than a brief period; so that his researches were concerned more with the study of repressed, infantile experiences than with the mythological, collective patterns which emerge so clearly in psychotic patients. But it is interesting to note that, in one of his last works, Freud reached a similar conclusion about the nature of the unconscious:

> Dreams bring to light material which could not originate either from the dreamer's adult life or from his forgotten childhood. We are obliged to regard it as part of the archaic heritage which a child brings with him into the world, before any experiences of his own, as a result of the experiences of his ancestors.

Jung's concept of a collective unconscious, common to all mankind, was, therefore, not so controversial as it at first appeared.

In the early psychoanalytic days, Jung was struck by the fact that both Adler and Freud could take the same material and reach different conclusions about it. From his observation of them, Jung was led to construct his theory of psychological types; to the realisation that men approached the study of the mind, and indeed life in general, from certain basic preconceptions. The extravert valued the outer world, the relation to external objects; whereas the introvert gave his chief esteem to the world he discovered within himself. Obviously, the ideal man would be equally well adapted to both realities; but men were often one-sided in their development, and by identifying themselves too completely with their conscious attitude, became divided in mind and thus neurotic.

Once he had concluded that the material produced by the unconscious was not simply the result of infantile repression, and that neurosis was due to a one-sided development of consciousness, Jung was ready to take the next step in his thought. He conceived the idea that the mind, like the body, was a self-regulating system, and that the unconscious compensated the conscious attitude. This is an important conception. It is, moreover, an idea which accords well with modern views in physiology and cybernetics. The regulation of body temperature, the maintenance of the acid-base equilibrium of the blood, the complex interactions of the hormonal system are all examples of self-regulating devices which serve the purpose of keeping the internal environment of the body constant, so that each cell may function at its optimum efficiency. The idea that the mind, like the body, is self-regulating, is an extremely valuable one in practice; and it is not difficult to produce clinical evidence to show that the unconscious compensates for the conscious attitude.

From such considerations as these sprang Jung's conception of the teleological function of the unconscious. This idea has been much criticised; but it is surely as legitimate to ask towards what a man's development is tending, as to inquire from what he sprang. Jung concluded that the aim of man's development was the integration of the personality, which he conceived as a balance between opposites, between extraversion and introversion, between conscious and unconscious, between inner and outer reality. This aim would not normally be attained until the second half of life. Freud and his followers tended to assume that a man's development was complete with the establishment of sexual maturity, a view which finds its chief application in the study of younger people. Jung's ideas led him to be more interested in the problems of the second half of life, and so he came to specialise in the treatment of older patients.

Jung believed that this search for integration and wholeness was characteristic of man throughout the ages, and he thus looked for historical parallels to the symbolism of integration which he discovered in his patients. This explains his interest in such esoteric subjects as alchemy. Alchemy is interesting psychologically just because there is nothing in it scientifically. The alchemical quest is purely subjective. It gives, as it were, an objective picture of a subjective process of development. For the same reason, the products of unconscious fantasy can be more easily described in the naïve romances of Rider Haggard than in the conscious complexities of Proust; and similar considerations accounted for Jung's interest in the study of comparative religion, yoga, astrology and other arcane subjects.

Jung has been generally recognized as one of the great original minds of the 20th century. His place in history is assured; but, as with Freud, the full impact of his contributions to psychology will take a generation or more to establish. What is needed above all is a series of testable propositions which can be formulated in such a way that his findings can be objectively demonstrated.

In person, Jung was a very tall, powerfully-built man, who was proud of his strength and who retained his vitality and appetites into extreme old age. He was completely without pomposity, and he had an admirable sense of humour. He was well aware of his exceptional gifts, and so exhibited no false modesty; he was far too realistic for that. But he was the least pretentious of men, and for this reason was able to make an immediate and genuine contact with those who came to see him. There was a tough, earthy quality about him which sometimes surprised those who had expected to find a mystic. No man knew more of the aspirations of the human spirit; but no man was more obviously rooted in reality or more obviously enjoyed the physical pleasures. To meet him was to feel that, in spite of the limitations of the human condition, to be human could be an exciting adventure.

Helping Persia

JULIAN GRANT

Iran has the advantage over most other backward countries of having a great national source of revenue in oil: otherwise it faces the same problems as the rest – endemic and desperate poverty, a growing middle class with growing material and political demands, and neither the capital nor the know-how by which it could transform itself into a modern state.

The present picture is chaotic in detail but it is at least possible to describe the structure. At the summit, so to speak, is the Shah, a virtual dictator who both reigns and rules, almost a one-man government. To assist him in this task are his various appointed ministers, the security police, the enormous and costly army, whose officers are better paid than any other administrative section of the community and to whose corrupt behaviour a blind eye has hitherto been turned. Also encouraged by the Shah are the Mullahs or priests, whom the Shah imagines will protect the people from Communism and through whom, to a certain extent, he can control the mob. They are a reactionary element, and their influence is used to keep the peasants ignorant in their age-long torpor.

Directly below the Shah come the so-called 'Hundred Families', a rich, land-owning, ruling group from which are drawn the men who are given the high administrative posts. Then there is the growing middle class – merchants, professional men and students, and finally the peasants. Teheran is the centre of all political feeling and intrigue; and in Teheran today one has a strong impression of frustration and discontent combined with inertia and apathy. This seems to be the aftermath of the failure of the Mossadeq revolution behind which, for once, most Persians were enthusiastically united. In fact, the Mossadeq period is the central political event cutting right across

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ICI

modern Persian history, and all political attitudes seem to originate from that.

The official opposition party in the Majlis is largely symbolic and does little to ventilate social grievances. The most vocal of the dissident elements are supporters of the National Front movement, an unofficial and rapidly expanding organisation which attracts anybody who is hostile to the Shah's government – the rag-tag and bobtail of the Mossadeq movement, members of the now suppressed Tudeh (Communist) party, professional men and intellectuals, merchants who complain of the inflation, tribal leaders who resent central government, and a large body of jobless ex-students.

I recently asked a young Persian lawyer if the present conditions actually affected his way of life in any way. He seemed amazed at my question. 'Do you imagine', he said, 'that a man like me likes having to look over his shoulder before he speaks his mind? And of course the elections are a farce; people like me never bother to vote. All we in the National Front can do is to go on like this, harassing the government by demonstrations and strikes. We will never stop until we get the reforms we want. But revolution is not easy in a police state, although some students are ready to die for their beliefs.'

Perhaps the principal general reason for discontent in Persia has been the disastrous financial policy followed since Persia re-started full-scale oil exportation. In spite of huge earnings from oil and in spite of the many substantial loans advanced by the IMF, the World Bank and the United States, the Persians are now forced to admit themselves bankrupt. This disastrous situation has arisen because of the total lack of economic policy: profligate, uncontrolled spending on imports, lack of direction of development projects, a policy of extension of credit and cheap money by the Persian banks, and, of course, large-scale corruption at all levels. It must be obvious to any sensible person that it would be more appropriate to put the building of drains before importing, say, plastic flowers and dolls' tea-sets, Cadillacs and electric toasters. It would also be more sensible to spend money on roads, education, medical facilities and general irrigation before induling in the kind of facade economy, which has meant only pouring millions into a couple of colossal dams, one of which is now agreed to be of questionable necessity.

Restriction of credit by the banks has now been imposed, to an inadequate extent, in an attempt to reduce imports and restrain the get-rich-quick merchants. Tackling the corruption is a much more difficult matter; it is endemic and traditional. On the other hand, Persians can change; as is proved by the efficiency and punctuality of those who have been employed for some time by the oil companies.

So there are many things wrong in Persia, and it seems that the Shah has suddenly realised just how many. His remedy has been to appoint Mr Amini, a liberal-minded multi-millionaire, until now no favourite of the Shah. In allowing Mr Amini some room to root out army corruption by a purge of generals and other officers, the Shah has gone right against his previous policy of supporting his army officers and has shown great courage. But are Amini's solutions the right ones? They are violent and drastic and bound to cause further tensions in an already unstable country. The latest reports that the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington is now issuing a stream of instructions to Mr Amini can hardly be reassuring to anyone.

The fact which Britain and the US must face is that much of the blame for the Persian situation is ours; our policy has been both negative and inadequate. Pouring money without direction into a technically backward and corrupt country is as much use as giving the very latest tractor to an illiterate peasant without teaching him how to use it. There have been the US Point Four advisers, of course, but they have not proved very effective; top-level financial and technical advice is needed. To tackle all this is a formidable task, and time is not on our side. First, an expert plan should be drawn up to develop Persia by economically viable stages. Loans should have the condition attached that the money must be administered by experts responsible for seeing that progress is carefully balanced.

The problems of supervising the spending of outside aid in an under-developed country raise difficult political issues. If there is no supervision, the help is frittered away and its purpose fails: this is what has happened in the past in Persia. If, on the other hand, the supervision is effective – especially if it seems to be based outside the receiving country – it is likely to be resented and may easily lead to suspicions of 'economic imperialism' which will cancel out much of the political advantage of an expanding economy. Thus the responsibility for supervising the finance and planning of Persian development should rest with a consortium (not exclusively western) of countries willing to help. A team of technicians from the World Bank and UN Technical Aid, working under the nominal direction of a Persian Ministry of Development might offer the best chance of success.

Moreover the task is worth undertaking. Iran has several assets, apart from the oil deposits, to set against her difficulties. For example, specialists say that, although a good deal of foreign fruit and canned foods are at present imported, Persia's 20 million inhabitants, 80 per cent of whom work on the land, could be self-supporting in food. At the moment, of course, the level of life for many is miserably low. There are also large supplies of natural gas, a valuable source of energy. At the moment this is piped away from the oil fields and burnt as waste; whereas light industry established in the vicinity of the oil fields could provide jobs for the many families who have settled around oil fields.

Political and electoral reform is equally important. Persia already has a nominal system of one-man-one-vote; but universal franchise is not really viable in a country where there is such a high percentage of illiteracy, particularly under the Persian voting method, which requires every man, instead of just making his mark, to write the name of his chosen candidate in full. This is one of the factors which inevitably leads to rigged elections. Electoral reform, difficult in present conditions which encourage the rabble-rousers, would become practicable as economic reforms began to take effect.

It would be a pleasant change to see the West abreast of a dangerous situation in a backward country and, instead of just throwing away money, tackling it with real energy, understanding and foresight. It is easily within our power to adopt a policy towards Iran which would inspire confidence in the purposes of the western nations. So far we are not doing so.

Correspondence

CLEANING PICTURES

Sir, – Concerning the cleaning of old masterpieces by the National Gallery restorers, Mr Terence Mullaly revealed the crux of the matter when he wrote in the *Daily Telegraph* of 19 May: 'There will always be those who prefer the rich patina conferred by the discoloration of varnish and the accumulation of dirt, rather than what the artist intended, or a close approximation to it.'

It is true that a return to the original state is now impossible, but the 'close approximation' of the restorers is also quite incompatible with 'what the artist intended.' Their glowing colours and smooth surfaces are like the work of a beauty specialist who provides face-lift and brilliant maquillage to an ageing face. I prefer my mother's face grown old to a 'close approximation' of her when she was 20.

Nearly all surface dirt can be removed from any varnished painting with soap and water, but the restorers (of every major gallery, as far as I know, in the world except the Prado) are not content with this. They insist upon also stripping off discoloured varnish. Now varnish must contain either natural or synthetic resins dissolved in aromatic spirit or some other chemical. When the solvent has evaporated the resin has been deposited on the whole surface of the painting, even in the minutest depressions in the pigment.

Resins can be removed only by abrasion or by chemical means, and whichever the method it is a physical and a chemical impossibility to devise any selective process which will attack the resins but not the pigment. It is impossible to remove all the varnish from a deep groove without the use of trichlorethylene (sold in small tins at fancy prices as a paint remover), because the less violent solvent, carbon tetrachloride, although it dissolves oil and grease, does not dissolve resins. With oil-tempera, as used by the Venetians, the effect is built up by countless glazes, as well as by the brushwork, colours often being included in the varnish itself. Any removal of the pigment must change not only the colour but also the texture of the painting, as the edges of the brushwork, or more, are inevitably obliterated.

Speaking therefore not only aesthetically but also scientifically, there is no doubt that the discoloration of varnish still leaves a closer approximation to the artist's intention than does the removal of the surface of the picture, however much the exposure of brilliant colours may appeal to the uninitiated.

Pietro Annigoni

26 Glebe Place, SW3

Sir, – I have just read Mr Forge's courageous if rather understated article in your number of 26 May on the abominable outrages perpetrated for years at the National Gallery. However much one may be enraged by the irreparable ruin of such masterpieces, the main factor to be stressed at this late date is the question of technical method involved. No one seems to be at all aware of it.

From the time of and including Titian and Velasquez, the traditional use of an underpainting, usually in tempera, finished by light resin glazes makes any cleaning of such pictures extremely perilous.

The subsequent foolish varnishing was admittedly such as to attract dirt, but if these dirty varnishes are removed, especially by any one ignorant of the means employed, such removal almost certainly brings with it most of the best work on the picture, leaving merely the underpainting (if the picture is lucky). This was usually done by apprentices from the artist's drawings. As an example I may mention the small portrait of Philip IV by Velasquez. Before cleaning this picture was in perfect condition. It was not low in tone or dirty but of an exquisite and subtle coloration and why it was chosen for

This time it's a pullover...

Sooner or later, Susie's knitting has a habit of acquiring length without breadth, whatever the pattern. Just what it's going to be at any given moment depends on the leaping imagination of its young creator. Knitted up or unravelled, that wool has been around for a long time. It has suffered in the cause of many a new project, but never, never has it suffered from moth. Because, like so much that is made of wool these days it is mothproofed with 'Dielmoth'. More and more manufacturers of wool yarns and fabrics are finding that wool and 'Dielmoth' go together to give that extra quality their customers now expect. If you are in the wool trade ask Shell about 'Dielmoth'. Write to the Information Officer, Industrial Chemicals Division, Shell Chemical Company Limited, 170 Piccadilly, London W.1

Shell Chemicals SHELL

slaughter one cannot imagine. It now has no colour at all of any value and should be put out of its misery.

The same applies more importantly to the Titians mentioned by Mr Forge. In one of these, for instance, the yellow dress which was one of the loveliest pieces of Titan's drapery painting, is now quite formless as well as colourless, and is scrubbed right down to bed-rock, that is to the original rough lines of the sketching-in. These are visible over most of the area.

All one can pray is that this sacrifice (which we had no right whatever to make) may serve to justify the more intelligent activities of Continental galleries, which as a rule have dealt much better with the problem, so that a few of these inimitable works may still be left to the world in their original condition.

MAXWELL ARMFIELD

Verwood
Dorset

SPAIN AND THE 'FREE WORLD'

SIR, – Lord Home, British Foreign Secretary, has been paying a visit to Franco's Spain. It is the first time a British Cabinet Minister has visited this country officially since the Civil War.

Spanish public opinion, unable to manifest itself in its own country, regards with dismay how time and again western democracies play the Spanish dictator's game, giving the Spanish people the impression that Spain is one more member of the so-called 'Free World'.

Eisenhower's visit in 1959 dismayed not only those of us who are actively fighting for the establishment in Spain of a just and democratic system of government, but also the huge majority of the people who under a terrible material and spiritual dictatorship suffer starvation salaries, general and seasonal unemployment, lack of education, etc. This majority opposes Franco's regime, and is demoralized on seeing how 'he' welcomes and treats as equals high officials of the American, British or German governments.

While in Spain there continue to exist hundreds of political prisoners, many of them guilty just of thinking independently; while the standard of living of the huge majority is awfully low; while the groups of the democratic opposition are trying to reach an agreement in order to re-establish a politically and economically civilised life, in these very moments Franco can show, as in triumph, Lord Home – not to mention Mr Butler.

We Spanish democrats cannot understand the blindness of western democracies, which by backing Franco more or less tacitly, are backing a corrupt Fascist regime which acts against the will of the majority of the people.

A GROUP OF SPANISH DEMOCRATS

Madrid

PEACE AT THE POLLS

SIR, – There are many people at this moment who are taking an unduly pessimistic view of Labour's electoral prospects. They are forgetting that little over three years ago – in February 1958, to be precise – the Conservatives were 11½ points behind Labour according to the Gallup poll. Tory MPs in marginal seats – with anything up to 7,000 majorities – were looking round for other jobs. Yet within ten months, by December 1958, the Conservatives were four points above Labour. This sensational swing can be equally rapid in the opposite direction.

Why did this remarkable recovery take place? It was a relatively uneventful period. Some say the London bus strike cost votes. Outside the London area it certainly lost few if any. We must look elsewhere. The outstanding political feature of those months was the much publicised campaign by Mr Macmillan to secure a Summit conference with Russia. I am convinced there were millions who, deeply anxious about the prospects for peace said to themselves: 'Well, old Macmillan is doing his best to keep us out of war.'

He was – at that time – talking about disengagement in Europe (though he later dropped the idea when Eisenhower and Adenauer objected). There was the government statement on suspension of nuclear tests (22 August 1958), the Prime Minister's visit to America and Canada and the Summit correspondence between Russia and the western powers, paving the way for the visit to Moscow.

A Gallup poll released in January 1959 stated: 'The Ed Murrow – Harold Macmillan broadcast at the end of May last may be stated as an example of an effective political broadcast. Certainly the dramatic Conservative recovery really got under way about then and started within the ranks of TV viewers.' This broadcast dealt largely with peace prospects. In addition, of course, the damaging memories of Suez were becoming dimmed (otherwise the 'Man of Peace' image of the Premier would have suffered).

The lesson, I suggest, is that a bold peace policy is not only right but popular. The more clearly Labour comes out for independence of America and Russia, for co-existence of both and for the ending of American nuclear bases in our country, the more respect it will command among the electorate.

FRANK ALLAUN

House of Commons

WHITEWASH

SIR, – 'Scientist', who described preparations for the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to his establishment in your issue of 19 May, was relatively lucky. He got a new (laboratory) coat. I understand that in another establishment (in an East African Territory) all rabbits were shampooed (sic) the night before the Governor's visit; they, however, had to be content with their old coats.

FELLOW SCIENTIST

Liberia

SPYING ON THE LEFT

SIR, – The passage in Philip Mairet's *Memoir of A. R. Orage* to which Mr C. H. Norman refers deals only with one point in his attack on J. M. Kennedy. That is the allegation that the head of the British Foreign Office had secured his dismissal from the foreign editorship of the *New Age*. Mr Mairet describes the episode in very similar terms to those employed by Mr Norman but gives no indication whatever of the source from which he derived his information. Judging from the last sentence – 'Orage by private hints and suggestions caused it to be rumoured that this (S. Verdad's page) was the work of some high Foreign Office or diplomatic official, but it is doubtful if anyone but Kennedy ever wrote a line of it' – it could hardly have been Orage himself who discussed it with him. Reference to other books on the *New Age* group give no hint that such a unique event as intervention by a Minister in the paper's policy was known to anyone else.

Kennedy took over from Mr Norman ('Stanhope of Chester') on 5 May 1910. On re-reading and contrasting their respective contributions for the years before and after this date the reasons for the change seem obvious. Is it not possible that Mr Norman misinterpreted an ordinary editorial decision?

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

60 Beaufort Mansions, SW3

DEFINITIONS OF CULTURE

SIR, – Some readers of the four reviews, under this heading, of Richard Wollheim's pamphlet, may wish also to consider current definitions of the term culture which are found useful in the sciences of archaeology, anthropology, sociology and animal behaviour. The term is for instance briefly defined in Kenneth Oakley's *Man the Tool-maker*, or at length by Kluckhohn in *Handbook of Social Psychology*. In this tradition, a brief definition is as follows: The culture of a group of multicellular animals (or similarly of an individual) includes all components and aspects of what the group makes, thinks and does which are not genetically determined (not innate); and with the proviso that the habits concerned can be transmitted from individual to individual either by symbolic communication or mere copying. Thus our present culture, and cultures, have been evolving for at least some 180 million years, since our ancestors first became mammals; and for the last half million or so the process has been expedited by ourselves arguing about just *what* to make, think and do. Barring annihilation, human culture will also, no doubt, evolve much further.

To take up two points of detail, Edward Shils aptly calls for (1) more worrying over fundamental questions, and (2) an educational reform leading to intellectual liberation and awakening. Point (1) is attempted at this college, in special short courses, and could well be developed at each university by a Department of Integrative Studies. Point (2) could be assisted, *inter alia*, by an ending of the imposed identification by school children of their headmaster with an obsolete theological dogma . . . as at each morning's assembly. A survey, conducted this year by the Huddersfield Mission, showed that only about half of the under-20 young men and women interviewed did in fact believe in the unproven postulate of personal immortality. Thus many of our present-day senior pupils will hardly be starting the day off any the better, for being expected to sing lustily about heaven.

MAX PETTERSSON

Brunel College of Technology
London W3

BYRON ON THE SCAFFOLD

SIR, – Mr Bateson's cocksure dismissal of Byron (in his review of Mr Rutherford's book), as no poet but a writer of light verse or 'prose pretending for fun to be poetry', is a shocking critical misjudgment. One might accept this as a typically impish bit of English eccentricity and pass on; but important critical issues are involved, and any view or theory of poetry from which Byron is to be automatically excluded is clearly in need of revision, to say nothing of rejection.

It is really very depressing to see the editor of *Essays in Criticism* (a journal established under not un-Arnoldian auspices) clinging to the heresy that 'the true poem cannot be immediately about anything but itself'. Certainly if this is true we may close our Byrons; but we must also close our Wordsworths and our Miltons and our Dantes, and indeed, practically everything else except a few azure pages of Mallarmé and Wallace Stevens. It is not Byron's weakness, but his strength, that he is willing and able to give voice to the great movements of thought of this time, as these are felt by him, and as they can still be felt by us.

Would Mr Bateson read again the episode of the Siege of Ismail in *Don Juan*, the *Ode on Venice*, the *Epistle to Augusta*, the last personal poems of 1824, and even (for all those flaws of 'diction' which seem to worry Mr Bateson so much) the famous 'dying gladiator' and 'ocean' passages at the end of *Childe Harold* – and deny that these are poetry, and in some cases great poetry?

Does Mr Bateson honestly think that when the Russian poet Ryleyev took a volume of Byron with him to the scaffold in 1826 he thought it was a volume of light verse? Good God!

EDWIN MORGAN

The University
Glasgow W2

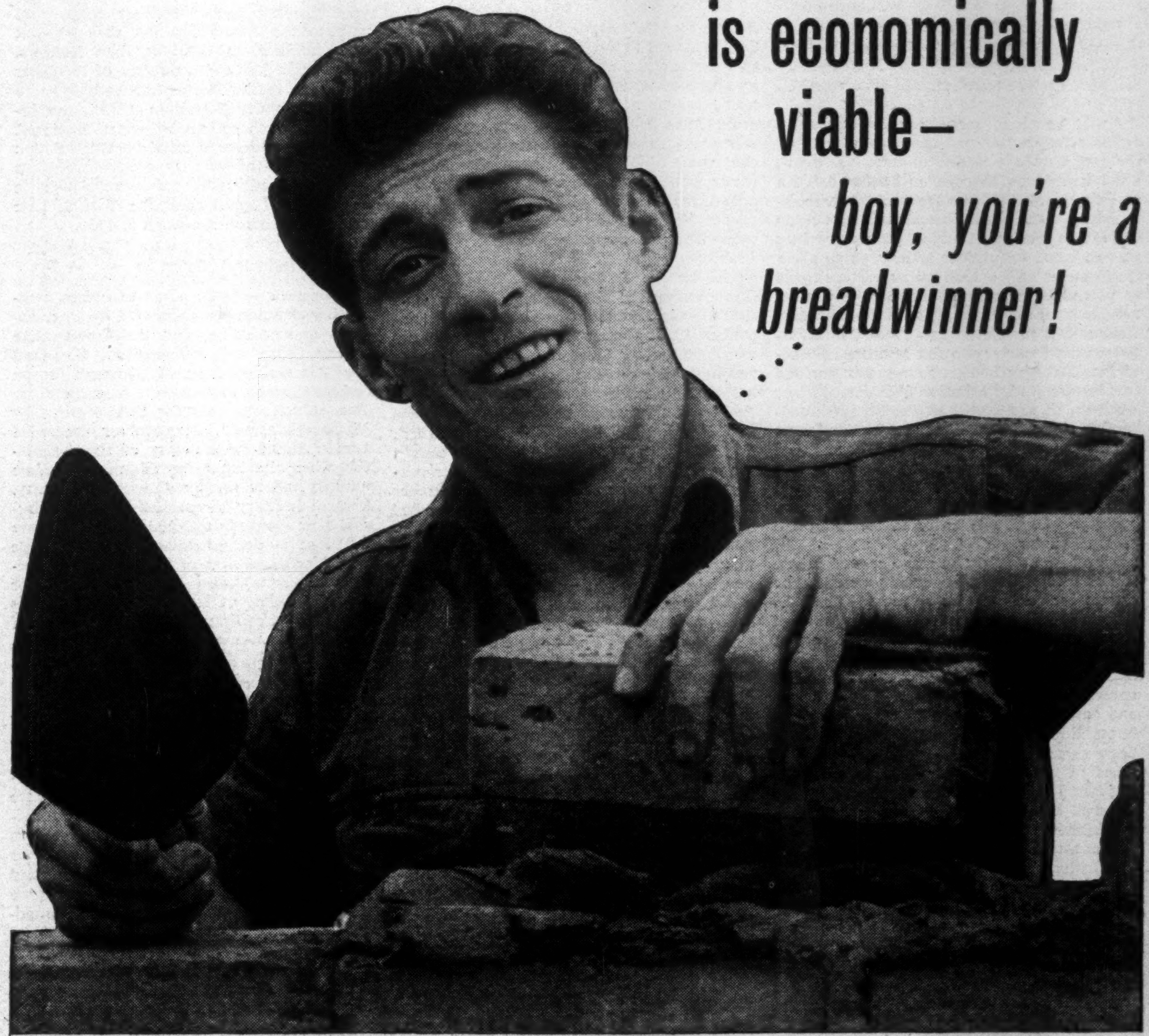
CHARON'S TRIP

SIR, – Please tell Charon to go jump in the Cam. They have (I believe) 'Schools' at Oxford at this time of year, but Cambridge has 'Tripos' or 'Trip'. I fancy that splendid horse Prince knew what he was about when he tried to unseat your diarist.

COLIN SMITH

45 Moor Park Villas,
Leeds 6

If your family unit is economically viable— *boy, you're a breadwinner!*



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THE STRUGGLE FOR COMMERCIAL TELEVISION—III

by H. H. Wilson

THE TRIUMPH OF THE HUCKSTERS

Before Parliament finally voted on Commercial TV, both sides made frantic efforts to mobilise public opinion. But the public remained apathetic. Thus a skilled lobby was able to inject a quite new – and momentous – element into British social life.

The Popular Television Association was directed by a small group of professional public relations experts. But, as in all successful lobbies, there were also the front men . . .

As is usual in professionally conducted public relations campaigns, the vast bulk of the propaganda was disseminated as 'news', not identified as Association handouts. To a mailing list of 1,400 newspapers, the Association sent a stream of feature articles written under newsworthy names. A panel of writers was gathered to produce articles, or to allow their names to be used on stories designed to promote commercial television. The panel included, among others, Mr David Hardman, Labour MP for Darlington 1945-50 and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education; Mr Alec Bedser, Surrey and England fast bowler; Mr Maurice Winnick, former band leader and owner of the British broadcasting rights to *What's My Line?* and later an unsuccessful contender for a commercial television licence; Mr. Gillie Potter, a former BBC radio comedian; Mr Ted Kavanagh, famous as the scriptwriter for the tremendously popular ITMA series on the BBC; and A. J. P. Taylor.

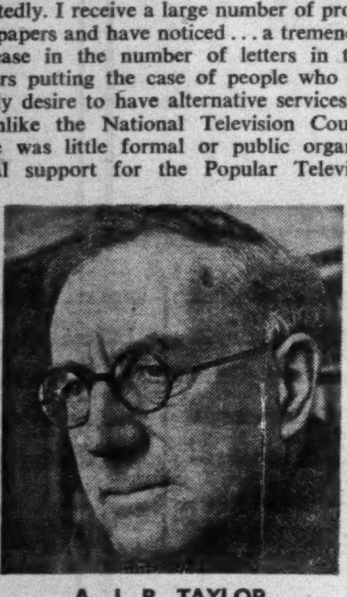
Many provincial papers printed these stories without indicating their source. A few papers refused to co-operate. Thus the *Aldershot News* commented: 'During the last six months there has appeared in the post of this newspaper every week pages and pages of foolscap publicity material written under names famous in the entertainment world, and which were intended to be published to boost Popular Television. With them have been sketches and features and offers and types of many kinds of publicity from the Popular Television Association. None of this material has been used.' Other papers were less inhibited.

Characteristically, every criticism of the BBC, whatever its origin, was written up by the Association and sent out to the newspapers. There were repeated accounts of a forthcoming increase in the BBC licence fee; a claim by comedian Gillie Potter that the BBC was 'flogging foul films and boosting bawdy books' was widely distributed, as was an editorial, 'Soothing', which suggested that although 'viewers have been known to say that some of the BBC programmes nearly drive them mad', dull BBC television had been found to be soothing for mental patients. When Mr Norman Collins attacked the 'Brahmin caste' of broadcasters at the BBC and claimed that the Corporation had turned down £1m a year for the use of facilities not then being used, it was headlined in papers across the country. As a result of the feature and news stories, as well as the editorials sent out for the editors' use, the Association was able to 'claim to have secured a total of just over 1,000 column inches of editorial space in a recent week'.

An extensive letter-to-the-editor campaign was inspired with Association literature urging its supporters to write letters 'to the press, calling for the immediate introduction of Competitive Television'. In case any of its sympathisers found difficulty in composing an appropriate letter, the Association volunteered assistance. 'If any members would like draft letters to send to their local papers, we will gladly supply them', a tactic which was characterised in *Worlds Press News* as 'a whole new nitwit industry'. However described, the technique did produce interesting results. For example, very similar letters with some identical paragraphs appeared in the *Lewisham Boro' News*, 15 September 1953, signed by 'H. D. Taylor, Whitefoot Ward Conservatives, 35 Brangbourne Road, Catford'; in the *Walthamstow Guardian*, 18 September 1953, signed 'B. L. Morgan, Chairman, Chingford Conservative Association'; and in the *Isle of Man Daily Times*, 20 October 1953, signed by Ronald Simms. An identical letter appeared in at least 22 newspapers signed variously, 'M. Awan', 'M. A. Warr', 'M. Adam', M. Swan', 'M. Ardan', but always listing the same address. Another letter purporting to be from a Labour Party member wanted to know why 'I should be compelled to oppose a piece of [Conservative] legislation which I consider to be highly desirable. In my view this country not only wants commercial television it needs it'. The letter, which appeared in at least 19 provincial newspapers, was signed 'Leonard London', and the address given was that of a secretarial bureau in Vauxhall Bridge Road.

If letters-to-the-editor are interpreted to indicate keen public interest, this letter manufacturing tactic was a success, as suggested by Mr Simms when he wrote to the editor of the *Advertisers' Weekly*. Refuting the contention of a correspondent that there had been no popular demand for commercial television, Mr Simms said: 'I disagree wholeheartedly. I receive a large number of provincial papers and have noticed . . . a tremendous increase in the number of letters in these papers putting the case of people who genuinely desire to have alternative services'.

Unlike the National Television Council, there was little formal or public organisational support for the Popular Television Association. Though the Association had plenty of allies, most of them were undeclared. Thus, some advertising agencies and individual agency officials contributed funds to the Association but they did not openly affiliate. In fact, Mr John Rodgers, Conservative MP and a director of J. Walter Thompson, recalls that he had nothing to do with the Popular Television Association because 'that was set up by vested interests'. There was, however, a close working relation with the Aims of Industry, a public relations firm which had established its reputation in the course of conducting the Tate & Lyle anti-nationalisation campaign in 1950.



A. J. P. TAYLOR

Don in a shop-window

'Aims of Industry' Moves In

Co-operation in the effort to obtain commercial television was facilitated by an established understanding with the Conservative Central Office and by personnel borrowed from Aims of Industry. Mr Kenneth Mason and Mr Gordon McIvor were seconded from Aims, which was paid for their services by Popular Television. Mr McIvor succeeded Ronald Simms as secretary of the Association when the latter moved on to become publicity officer for the Conservative Party. Aims of Industry co-operated in the distribution of propaganda material, handled feature and news stories, provided films, and made available the services of their panel of 'freelance lecturers' who normally spoke for clients of Aims of Industry. Now billed as experts on television and paid an average of four guineas a meeting, these speakers appeared before Chambers of Commerce, Young Conservative clubs and Rotary Clubs throughout the country.

Throughout the campaign, speakers for Popular Television made promises to various cultural, sectional, and occupational interests. For the religious, Lord Derby revealed in an interview with Mr Ernest Moore of the *Lancashire Evening Post* that television 'in America has helped a religious revival. It can also help in this way in our own country.' Mr Ted Kavanagh implied that, with commercial television, more time would be made available for Catholic broadcasts. To a Glasgow audience, Mr Ronald Simms announced that, since 'you are, as a whole, more intelligent than the rest of the country,' Scotland 'should have priority when commercial TV licences are granted. We believe that until now insufficient attention has been paid to this country's claim for a good and localised service.' And in a press conference at Cardiff, Simms announced that, within a short time after the licensing of the first commercial station, Wales would have its own national television service.

To those who feared that commercial television would mean low standards, Association spokesmen suggested that 'probably reputable bodies like universities would be given licences to operate stations.' Both in its leaflets and through speakers it asserted: 'There will be advertising announcements at the beginning or the end of a programme, but there will never be any interruptions.' Mr Norman Collins, the most persuasive and moderate spokesman for commercial television, offered a guarantee to his audiences that 'there will be no over-long or interruptive advertising.'

In speeches and widely distributed articles, Lord Derby, Sir Robert Renwick and other representatives of the Association heralded a tremendous expansion of British industry that would accompany the introduction of commercial television. Lord Derby informed a London press conference that, unlike the BBC, commercial television would not borrow ideas for programmes from the United States. 'We have a vast source of talent in this country and the entertainment will be substantially British, giving employment to thousands of actors, actresses and technicians.' To whet interest and mobilise this talent, the Association's secretary Mr Simms sent letters or notices to all the specialised journals catering for the professional interests of artists, actors, composers, script-writers, magicians and designers.

The Public Stayed Cool

But despite the lists of prominent speakers offered on both sides, and despite the varying tactics used to attract attention, the public was generally apathetic. This lack of enthusiasm with which the efforts of both sides were greeted tends to substantiate the conclusion that both groups failed to galvanise public opinion. It is true that the National Television Council (the anti-Commercial campaign organisation) did not envisage itself as a mass organisation and did not direct its appeals to the masses. It is also true that it did not convert the unconverted. But neither did the Popular Television Association, despite its membership claims and its avalanche of publicity, effect more than a simulation of public interest and activity.

What, then, did these two organisations finally achieve? There is little doubt that the National Television Council was effective in crystallising already existing opposition to commercial television, thereby giving it a more powerful voice. It is probable that the pressure exerted by this group was crucial in blocking any attempt to introduce complete sponsorship on American lines. It is also likely that its influence was important in the eventual creation of a public authority to own the transmitting facilities and licence the programme companies, and in the inclusion of many of the safeguards in the final Independent Television Act.

Probably the most important result of the work of the Popular Television Association was its ability to convince the government and hesitant Conservative MPs that, although the general public was not over-excited about commercial television, there would at least be no disastrous electoral result from its introduction. While it was probably true that the majority of Conservative voters were opposed to commercial television (in contrast, ironically, to the majority of Labour voters, who favoured it), the more important fact was demonstrated that the majority of owners and potential owners of television sets were more interested in a second channel than in the means by which it was obtained.

Looking back on events after 2 July 1953, when the government's announcement of a forthcoming White Paper on television policy seemed to herald a retreat, it becomes obvious that by 29 August the chance to defeat commercial television had ended. On that day, at Mottram in Cheshire, Lord De La Warr, the Postmaster-General, made a statement which, while it reflected the Cabinet's concern for the misgivings that had been expressed by 'thoughtful and serious people', represented a final capitulation to the Conservative backbenchers. It assured the critics within the Conservative Party that the forthcoming plan would not include 'the American system of dependence on what is known as sponsoring' and that the BBC would remain unaltered. The government merely wanted to provide alternative programmes because it distrusted monopoly 'from however good a source it may come' and the only practical way of financing these programmes was through advertising.

MAURICE WINNICK
Prestige of 'What's My Line?'

In July it had been generally thought that a number of influential ministers were seriously disturbed by the weight and authority of the opposition to commercial television. Several apparently regretted the government's commitment and wanted to move very slowly, for this, they felt, was certainly not an issue of Conservative principle or of party dogma. At the same time, probably a majority of backbenchers had finally accepted the brief of the Broadcasting Group stating the ideological argument against monopoly, and charging that the BBC was somewhat 'pink', that it could never attract men of the highest artistic, scientific or administrative ability, and that in certain circumstances it would be an instrument of political indoctrination. They were indifferent to any argument based on the vulgarity of American commercial broadcasting, or the possibility of lowering standards in Britain. On the other hand, there were still a considerable number of Conservative MPs who were hostile to commercial television, or uncertain about the political desirability of forcing the issue. They were buttonholed by convinced and persuasive members and urged to go along to avoid giving the appearance of inner-party disunity.

TED KAVANAGH
The Catholics would benefit

The change in the climate from June and July, when all but a handful of the most devout advocates were convinced that their cause was lost, was primarily due to the intensive work of some Conservative backbenchers, the Radio & Television Committee, the Popular Television Association, and the professional staff at the Tory Central Office.

In conducting an intensive propaganda campaign during these months, the Central Office worked closely with and through its satellite organisation, the Popular Television Association. This, despite the fact that the government had apparently instructed the Central Office and ministers not to participate in open controversy on this issue. So intimate was the relationship, in fact, that it is difficult to tell where one left off and the other began. The Central Office staff provided speakers with a detailed brief outlining the case for commercial television. Whatever the particular organisation label attached to a speaker or a pamphlet, the arguments were identical.

One of their most successful jobs was the persuasive but controversial leaflet *There's Free Speech! Why Not Free Switch?*' which carried the Central Office label. Opponents of 'competitive' television were listed as the Labour Party, 'unvarying opponents of free enterprise and freedom of choice'; the monopolists, 'those who have a vested interest in maintaining the monopoly of the BBC'; and the 'moral' critics, who dislike television and think it best to hold up the march of progress. This classification hardly satisfied the most authoritative and distinguished opponents of commercial television. The hostile reception accorded this publication by many Conservatives and by Conservative newspapers demonstrated the advantages of having a nominally independent oranisation like the Popular Television Association to conduct controversial campaigns.

'A Typically British Approach'

On 13 November 1953, the Postmaster-General presented to parliament the government's *Memorandum on Television Policy*. Two factors influenced what the White Paper characterised as 'a typically British approach to this new problem': technical considerations and the concern that programme standards should not be lowered. The government proposed the establishment of a public corporation which would own and operate the transmitting stations, renting these facilities to private programme-producing companies who would sell time to advertisers. Consultation with the advertising bodies had led to the conclusion that separating advertisers from programme control would not jeopardise the financial success of the new system. As a basic principle, therefore, there was to be no sponsoring: 'the responsibility for what goes out on the air shall rest with the operator of the station and not on the advertiser'.

The White Paper was generally recognised as a compromise that hardly satisfied anyone, but that might serve to get the government out of trouble.

Following more than a year of discussion in press and parliament it was apparent to all that no new arguments would be developed during the course of the White Paper parliamentary debates. These occasions did, however, reveal the pressures on the government – both from anti-commercial forces and from its own backbenchers, who bitterly resented both what they considered the government's dilatory tactics and its sensitivity to Establishment opinion.

[*The debate in the Lords (25-26 November 1953) was on a motion by Lord Halifax, opposing the government's proposals: the Cabinet was sufficiently concerned to issue a whip to ensure a big attendance of amenable peers, and the attendance was the largest for many years – nearly 350 Conservative peers turning up. Lord Halifax was ill and the debate was opened and closed by Lord Hailsham. His speeches were so strongly worded that many people believe he offended uncommitted peers and strengthened the government's determination to press on with its plan. In the Commons debate (14-15 December), a request by Mr Herbert Morrison for an all-party conference was rejected by Mr Selwyn Lloyd: he was willing to accept the idea only if the Labour Party would agree in advance to the breaking of the BBC monopoly and to the financing of the alternative system by advertisements.*

The back-bench Conservatives who had fought the campaign for commercial broadcasting from the start were still far from satisfied with the government's scheme. They wanted no more delay: the timing had become a matter of great importance to them.]

In a memorandum on 9 November, Mr Chapman-Walker urged the importance of having commercial television a 'working reality at the next general election' and stressed the dangers of further delay. He had been informed, he wrote, that the first few months of television would be of spectacularly high quality. This of course is because the commercial television operators will know that they are on trial, and having had considerable warning of the advent of television they will have been able to collect some excellent programmes which they will concentrate into the opening months, and therefore it is possible that the initial practice of commercial television in this country may well overcome even the opposition of the intellectuals and the ecclesiastics. Furthermore, although 'opposition still persists in some quarters of our party . . . this opposition is decreasing'.

In addition: 'Recently there have been reports from our canvassers and workers in Socialist areas that they believe that the introduction of competitive television will become a "vote winner against our opponents".' The Labour Party would then 'have to campaign on the basis of taking it away', and 'we should have in our hands a major election issue which I have no doubt we could use to great advantage, and it might prove such a popular issue as to obliterate some of the other things we may not want to over-emphasise at the next general election'. With this in mind, he suggested a time-table for commercial television to be on the air by July-August 1955.

Even this was not considered speedy enough by the back-bench proponents. They insisted that 'all legislation should be cleared by the end of February 1954, the Corporation should be given the green light by March 1954, in which case the stations would start by March 1955. It is even more urgent that the radio industry should be told what wave-lengths will be used, since otherwise there will be no sets capable of receiving the programmes when they start in March 1955. Some feel that the government must either get on with the proposal to break the monopoly, or it must drop the whole issue'.

LORD HAILSHAM
His speeches offended

The trials and tribulations of the government were not ended with the introduction of the Bill on 4 March 1954. For another five months the government was knocked about between opponents of commercial television and disgruntled advocates. The principal departure of the Bill from the White Paper scheme was a provision of public money for the proposed new corporation, the Independent Television Authority. As much as £750,000 was to be provided annually by parliament on request of the Authority, and in addition the Postmaster-General, with Treasury consent, was authorised to lend the Authority up to £2m.

This provision of an annual grant, the only major concession to the opponents of commercial television, satisfied no one and outraged the back-bench group. It had been introduced by the government in an effort to meet the request of Lord Waverley and the Archbishop of Canterbury that the Authority not be completely dependent on advertising revenue. For the opponents of a commercial system the annual grant represented an inadequate gesture that would not alter dependence on advertising revenue and which was interpreted as a subsidy for advertisers filched from the BBC.

The Popular Television Association and the Broadcasting Group were equally dissatisfied and more vehement in their condemnation of the government's Bill.

Captain L. P. S. Orr, the Group's principle spokesman in these debates, condemned both the provision of the annual grant and the fact that the Authority was to build the television transmitters. In his judgment there was no need to have the Bill at all, for the Postmaster-General already had the authority to licence commercial transmitters. The general attitude of back-bench proponents was expressed by Sir Herbert Williams, who declared that the Bill had not been welcomed because 'the bulk of this Bill has been invented to placate a whole lot of sloppy-minded people who do not wish to get on with the job.' In their opinion, the Bill discouraged potential programme contractors by permitting the Authority itself to produce programmes and by providing for pre-censorship of commercial programmes. Most serious, however, was the absence of security for the programme contractors. For this reason they wanted licences allocated on the basis of one company to one station.

Outside parliament the Bill received an almost equally unenthusiastic reception. A radio industry trade journal observed that 'Whatever the outcome of the debate . . . it is clear that neither our industry nor those outside who had prepared to invest in TV advertising had any enthusiasm for the government plan.'

A Place for Advertising

The advertising industry, while not unanimous, was pleased that the Bill 'represents a triumph for a point of principle. At long last . . . a British government has recognised that there is a place for advertising in the field of broadcasting. . . . The science of selling has established its right to a share in a medium which it has for too long, and quite unreasonably, been denied.'

Since the measure as introduced to parliament was mainly an enabling Bill, with its precise working out extremely vague, it was found to be very susceptible to amendment. During the committee stage in the Commons, 206 amendments were tabled, and the government itself placed 16 amendments on the Order Paper after the Bill was published. The Labour opposition introduced 145 amendments designed, in their judgment at least, to clarify, to strengthen the Authority in its relation to programme contractors, to extend coverage to all sections of the country, to protect the interests of British actors and writers, and to prevent advertising on Sunday programmes. None of the opposition amendments dealing with any of these issues was accepted by the government.

Some government amendments met the objections of those Conservative MPs who were still sceptical about commercial broadcasting and distrustful of efforts to weaken controls over advertisers and programme companies. Thus, the government slightly limited 'give-away' programmes; advertising agents were not to be eligible to be directors of programme companies; and advisory committees were to be appointed to advise the Authority and programme contractors on religious, medical, and advertising questions. Throughout the final stages of debate, repeated assurance was given that advertisers would not be able to influence the type of programme presented and that there would be no advertisements in the middle of programmes.

However, as Popular Television's executive had predicted, 'only in the House can we now expect an easing of the regulations so drastically imposed under the terms of the Bill.' Thus, most of the amendments accepted by the government from its backbenchers were designed to weaken or minimise the role of the Independent Television Authority,

I VISIT SIBERIA

DENNIS OGDEN—Russian speaking Daily Worker correspondent in Moscow writes on his recent travels in the vast land of Siberia—bigger by far than Europe in a brilliant new series starting

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make the new scheme more attractive to advertisers, and lessen competition between the programme companies. Sir Robert Renwick had warned that the commercial interests would co-operate so long as the Authority did not become 'a programme planning or operating corporation.' Captain L. P. S. Orr explained: 'We have changed certain provisions to make it clear that the Authority is not to become another BBC. We had great fears about the Bill at first, and I personally had a lot of reservations on Second Reading. We feared that it would allow the Authority . . . to own studios, to build a whole empire for itself, and, in effect, in the end to reduce the programme contractor to the position which a BBC producer holds . . . We have succeeded in getting that position right, and it is now quite clear that, if the Authority is ever to set up studios, it will be done only in the case of emergency.'

To safeguard manufacturers, the Authority was forbidden to produce or sell equipment. In an effort to strengthen the programme contractors, amendments limited the powers of the Authority to penalise them to cases where a specific breach of contract was apprehended. To the advantage of programme companies, advertising agents and advertisers, the Bill was amended to enable tariffs on advertisements to be raised when these accompanied programmes specially attractive to advertisers, e.g. special events, or the appearance of a celebrity. Many feared this change as likely to enhance advertising control over the type of programmes presented. Backbench suspicion of the Post Office was reflected in a number of changes – narrowing the description of items that the government could request the Independent Television Authority to broadcast; permitting the ITA when broadcasting a requested item to announce that fact; requiring that the Postmaster-General formally notify parliament of the establishment of additional stations or the dismissal of a member of the Authority.

No Doubt of the Result

With the Whips on and an adequate government majority, there never was any doubt that the Bill and its amendments would be approved, despite the lack of enthusiasm among both those MPs who first conceived the plan for commercial television and those who all along had reservations. On 30 July 1954, after 20 days of debate and bargaining spread over five months, the Bill to create the Independent Television Authority became law.

Despite diligent efforts to fill in details of the origins of the Independent Television Act, one is left with many questions unanswered, perhaps never to be answered unless future memoirs prove more richly informative than the current productions. Though one can list certain explanatory factors it is not easy, for example, to understand the procrastination of the Labour government in renewing the BBC Charter after the Beveridge Committee had reported, or to explain Mr Morrison's frequent lapses into dilatory inertia. One may suggest that the Labour leadership never fully comprehended the stakes involved in maintaining public service broadcasting. Was this a reflection of a general Labour failure to grasp the more subtle implications of the commercialised mass media? Does the behaviour of the Labour government, its lack of any sense of urgency, also illustrate its want of communication, of social intercourse with its Conservative opponents? Certainly there is evidence to suggest that Labour leadership consistently underestimated the quality, skill, energy and determination of those who reorganised and revitalised the Conservative Party after 1946.

Perhaps, too, those who supported public service broadcasting and the BBC erred in counting too heavily on 'the weight of authority', on the influence of the prominent and prestigeful, and thus failed to make more effective use of their more humble supporters. It is curious that so little was done to offset the stream of criticism inspired by the commercial advocates. Surely it should have been possible for the anti-commercial forces, many of them loyal and active Conservatives, to have been heard in constituency meetings and party conference. Though the Labour Party has built-in disadvantages for acquiring information informally, many of the BBC supporters might have been expected to know more about the organised nature of the commercial lobby. Is it possible that they underestimated the extent of latent popular hostility to some aspects of the BBC? There probably was a clear majority for the conception of public service broadcasting, but there was also in all parties and sections of the community some dislike for what was thought to be BBC authoritarianism or paternalism.

The Power of the Cadre

This study would seem to establish the fact that a small number of MPs, well organised with good connections among both party officials and outside interests, and pushing a definite, limited programme, may exert considerable influence and even overwhelm an unorganised majority in their own party. If this be true, it gives rise to a number of questions: Is it possible that the relation of MPs to outside interests needs further examination and clarification? The formal declaration of interest seems to have been neither inhibiting nor significant in this instance. In furthering the Television Act the outside interests seem to have exerted more effective influence than Conservative voters, constituency organisations, or even members of the parliamentary party. Obviously they had 'established access to friendly MPs' and were certainly able to participate in initiating this legislation.

Many people believe that the introduction of commercial television symbolises a change within the Conservative Party, which in turn reflects and expresses forces which are shaping British society. In simplest form this is described as the decline of aristocratic values and the substitution of commercial standards. It is not that trade and commerce are new to the Conservative Party, but rather that commercial standards and values have permeated more and more areas of British life as business has regained its power and prestige since 1951.

One of the most forthright, not to say blunt, statements of this admittedly controversial thesis was provided by Mr Peregrine Worsthorne, Conservative editorial writer for the London *Daily Telegraph*. He believes that traditionally the Conservative Party was 'an elaborate organisation for keeping the right kind of people in power at all levels of the national life'. The 'right people' are those who 'by birth, background, training and station are likely to be endowed with the rare knowledge of how to govern'. Now it 'might almost seem' that the party had 'become an elaborate organisation for keeping the wrong men in power'. This transformation is the achievement, Worsthorne believes, of 'the hucksters, who were asked to attract the crowds, [but] have taken over the show'.

Throughout the debate on commercial television there is evident an open repudiation of those who conceived of the Conservative role as setting standards, or having concern for the quality of life. Mr R. A. Butler could stress in 1946 the Conservative 'belief that quality is as necessary as equality' and insist that 'our particular contribution to the social philosophy of our time must be that we are guardians of tradition, that we bring all that is most inspiring in our past to serve the ever altering needs of our present.' By 1950 there were many in his party eager to distinguish between 'what the best people think and what the people think'. The 'new' Conservatives were prepared to be on the side of the people, so long as this meant electoral success and guaranteed advancement, privilege and power. Cynical, pseudo-egalitarianism replaced an older commitment to the maintenance of national standards.

Britain was given commercial television against the advice of almost all the nominal leaders of society in education, religion and culture, as well as significant sections of the business community. At no time was the British electorate, or even the rank-and-file Conservative voter, given an opportunity of passing on the merits of the case. Throughout the controversy it was apparent that the commercial advocates were contemptuous of efforts to uphold either cultural or intellectual standards; the decisive consideration was that television was a great marketing device.

(Concluded)

These articles were abridged from PRESSURE GROUP *by Professor H. H. Wilson, to be published by Secker & Warburg on 3 July.*

The London Magazine

New Series June

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Edited by ALAN ROSS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Political Arithmetic

STUART HAMPSHIRE

It is difficult to be fair to Burke, and to distinguish rhetoric from thought in his speeches and writing, if he is made a mere weapon in contemporary politics. He has first to be returned to his proper setting, alongside Hume, Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, if his intentions and his limits are to be truthfully recognised. He was not a systematic thinker with an original philosophy of politics, comparable with Rousseau and Bentham and J. S. Mill. But he did confront the facts of revolution, and the necessity of reform, with a set of unanalysed ideas, ideas that have been echoed in English oratory ever since and that still retain an uncertain power. The selection from Burke under review* has an introduction which confidently enlists him in the Cold War. The confidence, though irritating, is not misplaced; he will indeed serve. But the advantage of reading him is thereby missed. He has more to say about present issues less crudely defined; and the selection itself is fair enough to show this.

In almost every year since the war ended, there has been argument about the legitimate scope of political action: about means and ends. How many eggs can justifiably be broken, and under what conditions, with a view to making an omelette of some approved social consistency? The Jacobins introduced this now familiar idea (but not the ugly metaphor) of politics as essentially omelette-making, and therefore as necessarily egg-breaking. The Cuban revolution, and contrary attitudes towards it, has started the argument again, as has every recent movement of revolutionary nationalism. 'Of course there is great injustice, tyranny and persecution: but so there was before, and in the long run...' Burke knew and hated this now familiar Jacobin form of apology: the argument from the long run. He also knew that, once admitted, it would be horribly persuasive. It is worth examining his reasons.

'Art is man's nature'. This is the centre of his thought. He had to start from the idea of Nature, because every thinker of his century, and particularly his enemies, had started there. The idea of the stripped, natural man, liberated from the draperies of convention and of obedience, had guided the Jacobins and the philosophical radicals. In this ancient and simple picture Nature and Convention, or Manners, are true opposites, contrasted as innocence and corruption, as equality and difference. Nature is something to which you can return for renewal, in the way that in *As You Like It* the court is refreshed in the forest.

Consistently and throughout his life, Burke strove to reverse this picture. That which is distinctively human in men, and therefore their nature, flows from the conventions and manners, from the imposed style of life, which over the years have formed their moral sentiments. The 'natural affections' are inseparable from urbanity, from the softened manners only learnt in a social order. As Hume had suggested without further elaboration, nature operates upon man through a second nature, custom, as it operates upon the brutes through instinct. Men can never return to instinctual freedom and to primal innocence, and discover rights that are founded in some original and universal endowment. Every right that they sincerely feel to be theirs, whether in India, France, or the American Colonies, has its intimate setting in the particular culture that formed them.

Whenever they are goaded, either by false philosophy or by oppression, to tear down the civil order and to look for a natural order beneath it, they will finally return to the harsher customs of their primitive past, and not to an original innocence. Under intolerable strain they may regress from adult habits to the childhood of their history. But they cannot escape into a pre-social world, into an Eden of instinct, which is altogether outside history. The natural affections of men are never the biological attractions and repugnances of a naked creature in a forest. They have been formed at every stage by the successive institutions which clothed men with moral ideas.

In Europe, but not in India, these institutions descend from Christianity, and from the orators, moralists and lawyers of the ancient world. If at any time Europeans are oppressed by the civil order, and want to be stripped of their corruptions, they will naturally return to their formative past, and particularly to the ancient world, to the classical origins of their institutions. In the aesthetics of the 18th century, it is familiar that the return to the classical past was often taken as the equivalent of a return to Nature. Posed in classical drapery by a tree in a great park, with a Palladian house in the distance, the family group is a true picture of humanity in its natural and permanent condition. Such a picture, painted by Reynolds or Gainsborough, was the equivalent of Burke's vision of politics. The naturalness and the artificiality are two sides of the same coin.

Outside civil society human nature knows nothing that makes it human. The state of civil society, which generates an aristocracy of one kind or another, is the true State of Nature. The great estates, and the civil order itself, were originally obtained by violence. But it is old violence, and their long establishment has improved the original instincts into moral habits and into respect for positive law. To quote the first and distant usurpation as a justification of present violence is always a political fallacy, a misconception of law and therefore of justice, with frightening echoes of the Civil War.

The only touchstone for reform in politics is – does this measure on the whole accord with the natural affections of men, as modified by their present moral sentiments and their manner of living at this time? If, concerned with freedom in colonial territories, we ask what a free government is, the only answer is – it is what the people concerned think is free: they are the only natural and competent judges in this matter. Any abstract dissection of freedom, or of some allegedly original and common needs of men, is irrelevant. Political wisdom, which Burke – after Aristotle – called prudence, is the quick recognition of formed, and in this sense artificial, expectations of freedom and of justice, as they exist at any particular place at any particular time. These expectations are historical facts, not metaphysical ideals, and they are to be understood only through their historical causes.

It follows that we must always do wrong if, as radicals, we engage in political arithmetic, and plan the general improvement of mankind over hundreds and thousands of years, overriding all local differences. Such a plan must presuppose an impossible science of original and stripped human nature, a science that is independent of historical understanding. It presupposes also a morality that is independent of 'utility', as interpreted by particular men at particular times. The true utility of any social change must depend on the artificially formed tastes and prejudices of those immediately affected by it. Statesmen who disregard prejudices, and existing standards of justice, in the interests of an abstract ideal, succeed only in undermining morality and law by destroying their customary associations. By exposing the artificiality of social conventions, they turn every conflict of interest into a conflict of wills, unmediated by common restraints. Once this has happened, we shall try continuously to re-make society, as we go along, counting each man only as an ally or an enemy to our own conceptions. This is the Jacobin arithmetic of perpetual revolution: continuously count eggs and break just as many as are required for the imagined omelette.

Burke's rhetoric was mere assertion. It was not proof or even argument. He was not clear and he was not consistent. He saw less far into the future than the philosophical radicals and the men of the Enlightenment, less far certainly than Condorcet. He had a confused and superstitious idea of providence within history. He was often merely reactionary and frightened. But some part of his conclusions, freely interpreted, may still be relevant and true.

The principle of political arithmetic can be tested by an example: it might be said (and sometimes is) that the abolition of capital punishment is a comparatively trivial issue, since the happiness of comparatively few individuals and families is at stake. This is arithmetic: why is it a gross mistake in this application? The taking of a man's life is an enormous act, which reminds us of the most primitive prohibition of a primitive impulse. It is part of the foundation of morality itself, and of any form of human existence, that this enormity should be directly felt as such. In most societies there will be some prescribed conditions in which the original horror is by convention mitigated; in ours, conspicuously, in war, and in capital punishment for murder. One kind of progress consists in challenging these conventional mitigations one by one, as we travel further from the original necessities, and the helplessness, from which the prescribed exceptions arose. An argument about capital punishment is therefore recognised on both sides to be an argument that touches the first foundations of morality.

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* *The Philosophy of Edmund Burke*. Edited by LOUIS BREDVOLD and RALPH ROSS. *Cresset Press*. 35*s*. (paperback 25*s*.).

There seems to be a strange inconsistency between feeling intensely the evil of capital punishment and feeling weakly the evil of freely taking lives, as a matter of policy, for the sake of economic and social improvements. Yet it is not unusual to find these apparently inconsistent attitudes combined in the same person. Why? Perhaps because killing, and unlawful imprisonment, as an incident in social revolution, have in many places been institutionalised, alongside war and capital punishment. Perpetual revolution, therefore, is accepted as 'natural', in the only effective and Burkean sense of this word.

Political arithmetic, now a habit, has served to loosen the established ideas of common morality in order to establish a new Jacobin sense of justice, which is akin to the ancient morality of war. Perpetual revolutionaries, and their apologists, see their acts as forming the future through some direct consequences which justify them. They will not see them as also forming the future as precedents. Yet, inconsistently, they will generally quote the violence of the past as justification for their violence in the present. They are then, in fact, arguing from precedent to precedent, and are appealing in part to custom and prescriptive rights, even though they have repudiated these Burkean notions.

To judge policies solely by their direct effects is the false notion of utility. If, as Burke believed, men derive their natural affections, and their sense of justice and of freedom, from a long chain of respected customs, and always within an institutional frame, it must be wrong not to judge policies by the precedents that are established in their execution. An act of injustice, or an unusual outrage (like the use of atomic weapons), may sometimes seem justified by its consequences as evidently a lesser evil. But the mere fact that it has been done will need also to be counted among the consequences, through its operation on the future as a precedent, and therefore ultimately as a permission.

This is Burke's case against Jacobinism, against the ideal of perpetual revolution. This 18th-century picture of the urbane, institutional man has its relevance, no less than the opposing and contemporary picture of rustic innocents, unspoiled by kings and priests. Perhaps they both need to be kept on permanent exhibition together.

Mr. S. P. Chambers.
Specially drawn
for the New Scientist.
by Feliks Topolski

Mr. S. P. Chambers, C.B., C.I.E., Chairman, I.C.I. says:—

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Blood and Politics

The Radical Duke. By Alison Olson. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

One-Leg. By The Marquess of Anglesey. *Cape.* 45*s.*

These two books, well laced with long and often illuminating letters, span more than a 100 years of social and political history. The third Duke of Richmond, 'the Radical Duke', succeeded his father in 1751: 'One-Leg', the first Marquess of Anglesey, born in 1768 one year before Napoleon, was present at the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851. He died in 1854, the last of the unVictorian noblemen, a month after the beginning of the Crimean War. The span is wide, but the themes are remarkably close and compact. The careers of the two men – Richmond dull, Anglesey entertaining – had much in common, and with the marriage of Anglesey's eldest daughter to the fifth Duke of Richmond the stories of the two families intersect. Richmond was distinguished for bravery at Minden: he became a Field Marshal in 1796. Anglesey was perhaps the most glamorous hero of Spain and Waterloo. Had he not lost a leg during the last attack at Waterloo, he might have been the officer who had the honour of taking Napoleon prisoner. He too became a Field Marshal, in 1846. After the death of Wellington in 1852 he was the only living Field Marshal who was not a member of the royal family. He is said to have died with the words 'What brigade is on duty?' on his lips. 'When assured that it was not his own', his great-great-grandson writes in his delightful book, 'he seemed much relieved that he was not neglecting his turn.'

Military service and political service were directly related to each other. Anglesey was a far more successful politician than Richmond and was still holding office in his eighties. Richmond, by contrast, was unexpectedly dismissed from office 'in the most shuffling manner' by the younger Pitt in 1795. The Office of Ordnance was the main scene of both their political labours. Cumbrous, unwieldy and archaic, it could still be described by Anglesey as 'this charming department'. The Master of Ordnance held cabinet rank until 1827, but when Anglesey took over the position for a second time from 1846 to 1852 it had lost most of its prestige. Indeed, the Office survived Anglesey by only two years. The last entry in its minute book reads, 'Tenders accepted for emptying privies in Ireland, 31 December 1856.'

If Richmond and Anglesey had merely been soldier-politicians, these two books would have had limited interest. As it is, part of the excitement of their careers derives from the fact that they were both drawn into politics at particularly critical moments of change. Their influence derived from their status, but their actions led them into new situations. They were aristocrats, proud of their blood and independent enough to follow courses of their own. Richmond, stubborn, difficult, unattractive and of strictly limited gifts, introduced a parliamentary reform bill in 1780 on the same day that the Gordon Riots began. Unoriginal though his bill was, it was sufficiently well remembered to be referred to in the preface to the People's Charter and in Duncombe's speech presenting the Charter to Parliament. Although he later abandoned all interest in reform, Richmond could not obliterate his own record. Anglesey, lively, elegant, popular and supremely self-confident, was a sensitive and liberal-minded Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the eve of Catholic Emancipation, a tough supporter of the Reform Bill of 1832 and a keen advocate of the repeal of the corn laws in 1846. What he wrote about these issues is often far more refreshing and revealing than the comments of better known politicians. He could be both incisive and decisive. 'There may be rebellion, you may put to death thousands, you may suppress it', he warned Wellington's government when Ireland was in turmoil in 1828, 'but it will only put off the day of compromise.' 'I have a thorough conviction that . . . nothing but a total change in the whole system of governing the Country . . . can save it from Revolution,' he wrote of England in 1830. 'It must be neck-or-nothing work,' he noted in 1846, 'nothing short of the compleatest Free Trade.'

Both men defied strict party lines and pleaded for administrations 'on the broadest basis'. Their willingness to canvass changes implied no belief in 'democracy' or even 'trust in the people'. They were drawn to politics by their blood rather than by their beliefs. The present Marquess of Anglesey has done full justice to his illustrious ancestor: his book is at once scholarly and diverting, packed with anecdote, yet never content with anecdote alone. Mrs Olson is cautious and somewhat cramped, but she adds considerably to our knowledge not only of a man but of a period. The period was over by the 1850's. It was *The Times*, in an obituary notice on Anglesey, which called him 'the last of the race'. 'Your modern English peer is a sharp land agent or conveyancer', it added, 'or a jocular, hair-splitting law lord, or, if he be of a younger generation, he is a painful devourer of blue-books – a man ready to talk for three hours upon the condition of Central Asia or the statistics of dandelions in the county of Salop'. Neither Richmond nor Anglesey would have cared for dandelions, and they never split hairs. There was something very unVictorian about Anglesey's career beginning with a divorce case instead of ending with one. Yet, extinct though they may be, they do not deserve to be forgotten.

Asa Briggs

Amor Dei

The Christian Philosophy of St Augustine. By Etienne Gilson. *Gollancz.* 42*s.*

Augustine of Hippo would not be regarded as a philosopher in most of the modern senses. He was not interested in science, or nature, or even the construction of a metaphysical system. He is in the line of the Platonists and of many of their successors in the ancient world, believing that the province of philosophy is the moral nature of man, and he thought that he need only answer the question how a man finds happiness. Whether this is more properly called theology or Christian philosophy is perhaps a mere affair of terms. What he primarily wishes his 'philosophy' to do is not to convey knowledge to the intellect, but to warm the heart towards certain attitudes and courses of action.

Never has a writer so united grandeur with untidiness. The *City of God*, containing all his political philosophy, is like a rambling house, to which a succession of owners have added rooms, and where honeysuckle is growing chaotically through the cracks: disquisitions on Saturn and the functions of Mars, the exegesis of hard sayings, the rightness or wrongness of reverence for holy relics, nature's testimonies that bodies may remain undiminished in the fire, whether women will retain their sex in the resurrection, sense and nonsense, the obsolete and the profound – they are all mixed together as with a wooden spoon.

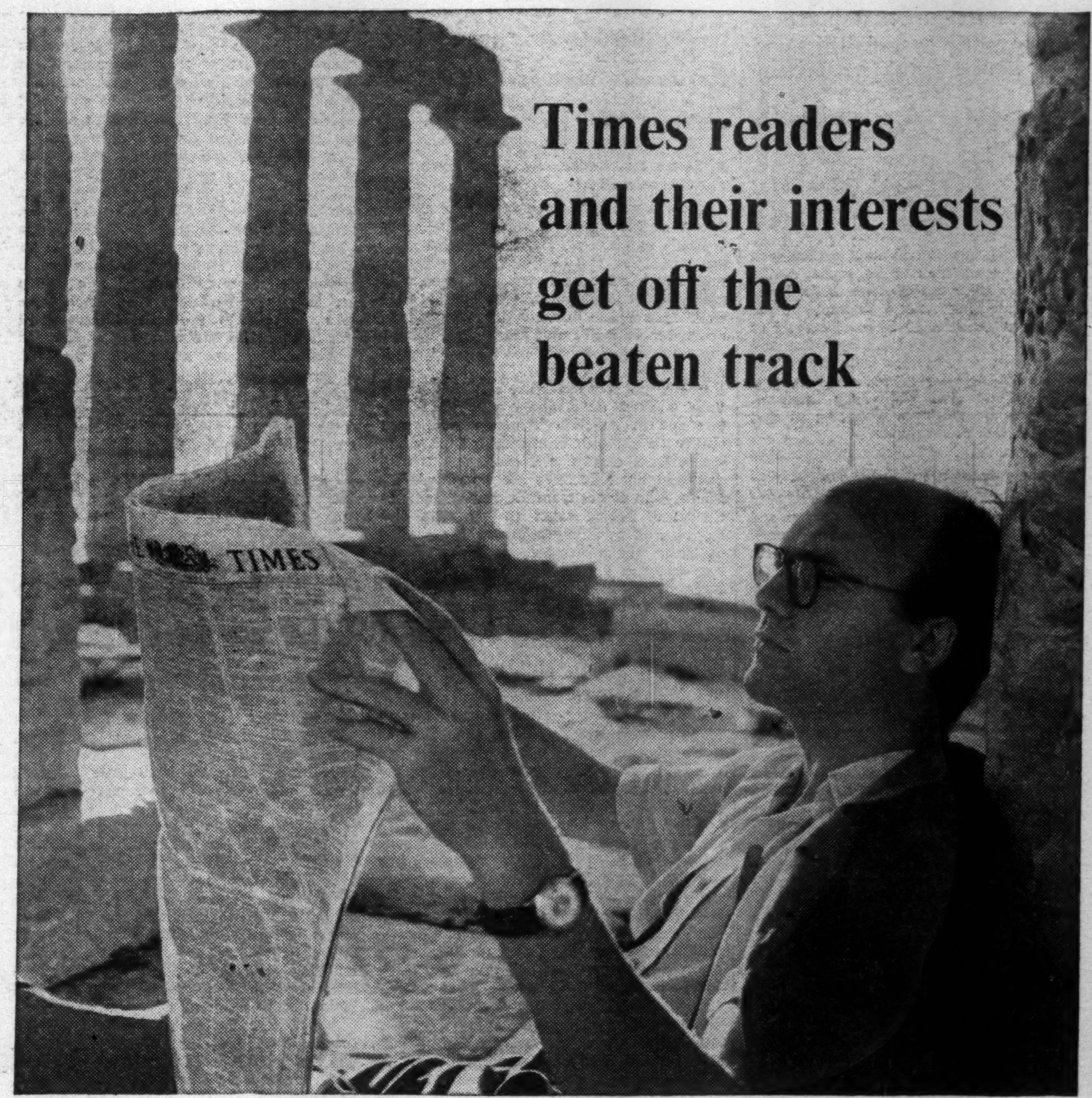
In 1929 M. Gilson published a French work which sternly endeavoured to bring order into the jumble of Augustinian ideas, and this book is a good English translation of the second French edition. It is no impossible task, for the jumble is more a matter of Augustine's presentation than of his principles, which are, in fact, the ordered principles of the Neoplatonists. But it has this peculiar difficulty, apart from the haphazard sources which must be made coherent, namely, that Augustine could never get away, never wished to get away, from his personal history. The *Confessions* is not only one of the great books of all time, it is a religious autobiography without which everything else which he wrote must remain in part opaque.

The pilgrimage through Manichaeanism, to the Neoplatonic Christianity taught by Bishop Ambrose of Milan, is described in the *Confessions* as though it were an intellectual process, a worrying over the problem of evil, or the nature of truth, or the crudities of Biblical literalism. In reality, the moral quest is being described, as it were, *underneath* the intellectual. The enchantment of the *Confessions* arises to some extent from the beauty and poetry of the language, and occasionally the reader needs to remind himself that he is reading a Roman professor of rhetoric. But in the main this magic lies in the harmony between the quest of the will and the quest of the mind – the Neoplatonic contemplation of eternal truth in the intellect, the sense of guilt in the conscience. 'You turned me round upon myself', he addressed his Maker. 'You brought me out from behind my back where I was trying to hide from myself . . . Now I saw myself truly and hated the sight, and could flee this self-knowledge no longer.'

It would therefore be an error to isolate Augustinian 'proofs' or arguments from the moral imperative with which they are so largely concerned. He is famous for the 'proof' of existence which anticipated Descartes: 'I exist because I can doubt my existence but I cannot doubt that I doubt.' It would be wrong to suppose that in Augustine this kind of thing is a toy, a mental game. But he resembles Descartes not at all, for such arguments are not rooted in his philosophy, which indeed would not be noticeably different if they were not there. He wants, not to solve a problem, but to create peace in the will, and this peace of will rests upon self-knowledge, which itself is a knowledge elicited by reflection from the perception of eternal truth.

The translation has only two things wrong with it. In 1950 Pierre Courcelle published a book containing new evidence as to the relation between Neoplatonism and Christianity in Augustine. That fine book has influenced all later argument upon the subject, and the consequent debate has made a few of M. Gilson's statements at least doubtful. It would not have been difficult for a translator to add a footnote of warning here and there. And secondly, though the translator has made additions to the original bibliography, he has failed to include the best book on the subject in the English language, John Burnaby's *Amor Dei.*

Owen Chadwick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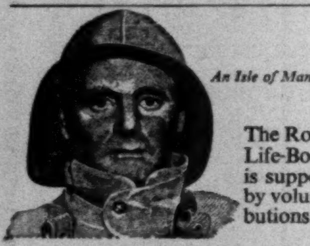

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Reliques

The Wedding Band. By SAMUEL YELLEN. *Gollancz.* 15s.

The Darkened Room. By HILDE SPIEL. *Methuen.* 16s.

The End Product. By JOHN THIRKELL. *Michael Joseph.* 16s.

A Lover for Estelle. By DAPHNE ROOKE. *Gollancz.* 16s.

It has been a hard week among the novels, a sort of literary *Have a Go*, with many Wilfreds as blurb-writers; and the lesson is that death, sex and class are subjects which should be handled with care. The writer who runs short of invention kills very easily. This week Miss Spiel's heroine dopes herself to death; Mr Thirkell's puts her head in the gas oven; and one of Miss Rooke's lovely women is fatally shot on the veld.

Death, too, is at the centre of *The Wedding Band*, a short novel about a Jewish-gentile marriage in America. Papa, 'vibrant with virility', is a Polish immigrant who deals in second-hand clothes. His trade, his Jewishness and his infidelities are too much for Mama, who comes from an orphan home in Cleveland. Mama takes to gambling and ruins herself by falling in love with a passing Scotsman who makes her sell her house and buy shares in a gold-mine. The simple story begins with Mama's death (a lingering one) and is told in effective flashbacks by Mama's eldest daughter. Events do not follow in order; they are linked, as in memory, by association. This makes for occasional confusion, and here the long elucidatory blurb is a great help. There was some passion in this novel, but it has evaporated in technique and the writer's anxiety to squeeze as much emotion as he could out of death and remembrance of things past – 'the letters and reliques still tied in the pink satin ribbon now soiled and frayed by time'.

The Austrian heroine of *The Darkened Room*, more beautiful than Hedy Lamarr, takes a full 50 pages to die. When we first see her, through the eyes of the narrator, a plain Latvian girl, she is naked and in her darkened room in New York. We suspect Lesbianism, drugs or some equally sensational inclination. We know, of course, that the heroine has a past and that deep down she is mourning her one true love, possibly her first. And we also know that such a character cannot survive the pages of a novel. Miss Spiel practises a little innocent deception on us, however. She writes well; she describes New York with feeling; her Central European intellectuals, lost in America, are observed with intelligence. So that when the revelations come we are no longer prepared for them. It turns out that the heroine has had Lesbian experiences but is not a true Lesbian. She does take drugs, though. And she is mourning her first love. The man himself appears, 'like a prince in disguise', and the Latvian girl comments: 'The shock he got when confronted by this ghost of a woman . . . must have been terrific.'

The End Product is a thin story of the rise and fall of a business venture, and would not be worth noting here except that Mr. Thirkell displays the low-level obsession with class which has made the English novel steadily more parochial. Words like 'education' and 'culture' are used too often. The writer appears anxious to instruct, to show his knowledge of the rules. It is a little like the preoccupation of some West Indian writers with shade of skin and quality of hair. It turns individuals into representatives of a class and leads to the caricatures who pass for people in Mr Thirkell's novel: the sensitive middle-class copy-writer, his ruthless lower-class associate who has worked his way up, dumps his mistress, the lascivious upper-class woman of a certain age, and deservedly falls into the clutches of the coarse, unscrupulous Jewish businessman.

For high drama on the veld, for talk of kokoks and stoeps and broekies and mealies, turn to *A Lover for Estelle*. The hero is 'a dark cruel man . . . a man without joy, silent when others laughed'. His faithless wife is beautiful and mysterious, 'like a jewel or a gorgeous flower'. 'He brought me out here to destroy me,' she cries, 'to kill my looks.' In fact he shoots her dead, and after some alarms escapes to Portuguese East Africa with Estelle, who has 'a laugh that sounded right through a house and out onto the veld'. In between there are natural disasters like droughts ('we reaped not a mealie') and the mandatory South African mock-mysticism. 'It was not just a crowd of natives I saw dancing on the veld, it was beauty springing from dust to the brilliant sky'.

V. S. NAIPAUL

New Thurber

Lanterns and Lances. By JAMES THURBER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s.

I have met only a very few people who do not like Thurber, and possibly he might not care much for them either. But even people who know nothing of him seem, as the years go on, to have become subtly influenced by him. I see this in his drawings. Those in this new volume seemed to me, at first, better, more accurate and truthful than ever. This is an optical illusion. I have gone carefully through some earlier Thurber collections, and the truth appears to be that in the last 30 years humanity has grown much more like the world of Thurber than before. Men and women have copied his profiles; and like his own men and women, they now vary in their relative physical sizes according to the state of the battle; dogs have become demurer, nobler, more insidiously forgiving than before; and a glance round any shop that sells lampshades will show that Thurber's ideas about the lighting arrangements in Hell have received a general acceptance.

About some of his later prose I am less sure. As from the later Marx Brothers films, you emerge always a little disappointed; despite a few prolonged moments of the ancient, almost panic, mirth, you have been here and there a little bit bored. Over-identifying natures, and I am one of them, will feel themselves a little guilty about this, as when a favourite opera-singer or ballet-dancer has an off-night. So I sat through Mr. Thurber's new collection somewhat shiftily; my general admiration for him is so ardent that I felt I was myself rather to blame for, say, the two long essays wherein he describes the letter-games he makes up in an unavailing (it has to be unavailing) effort to re-induce sleep at three in the morning. And I was right to feel apologetic; my uneasiness was ignoble, for what I was really craving to do was to describe my own misadventures in the same field instead. Like one of the 'others' at a political cocktail-party in a famous Thurber drawing, I 'was not so much listening as waiting for an opening'.

All I ought to be saying is that no comic artist can stay for ever on the Himalayan heights of *My Life and Hard Times*, and that in any case Thurber can still make isolated flights as high up as ever. In the new book, 'Midnight at Tim's Place', 'A Moment with Mandy', and 'My Senegalese Birds and Siamese Cats' are on the level of his classics. He is still at his best in home-relationships. Domestic difficulties encountered by him and Mrs Thurber bring out the best and the worst in them both. And good as the best is, the worst is probably better.

Naturally, with his flair for the more delicate sides of the Private Life, Thurber is a Jamesian, and among the real charms of this book is a piece largely devoted to a study of the numerous dramatisations, by later hands, of the Master's novels. On one point I take slight issue. He seems whole-heartedly to have approved of an American televised version of *The Turn of the Screw* which had 'gloomy corridors', and Miss Ingrid Bergman as the governess. But the house in James's novel is meant to be a cheerful place, and the governess is a very young girl. This, all alluringly, is part of the real horror. Without it, surely the screw comes out, as it often has in versions seen and heard over here.

HENRY REED

Traveller's Torment

Something Human. By MOHAMED MEHDEVI. *Bodley Head. 18s.*

There is a new kind of book about the United States – part traveller's tale, part anthropological account, but far more intimate and involved and emotional than either. *Something Human* is an almost classic specimen: Mr Mehdevi is a Persian who, rather casually, applies for, and gets, a scholarship which takes him to an American university in Florida. Just as he graduates, his funds from his rich land-owning father dry up due to a Persian economic crisis. In order to exist, he is forced into taking odd jobs, and he uses this as an excuse to drift across the country. Eventually the money flows again and he gets back to New York. But when the moment to sail for home arrives, he finds he can't bring himself to leave. He stays on, nursing the discontents which have tormented him almost from the moment he arrived.

If the pattern is a familiar one, so is the tone and some of the incidents. Mr Mehdevi's account of the frustrating (for those not acclimatised) nature of the sexual customs of an American campus tallies exactly with other such accounts. But the real weight of his denunciation is reserved for two other aspects of American society – the pressure towards conformity and the American philosophy of salesmanship. He is horrified, for example, to discover, through a class in Comparative Government, that young Americans find it hard to see much merit in, or even to imagine the operation of, systems of government other than their own. This in spite of constant lip-service to ideas of tolerance and broad-mindedness. He never asks himself if these attitudes are, in fact, so very surprising among young people who have travelled very little, if at all, outside their own society.

The United States and her defects are hardly (whatever their authors may intend) the true subjects of this kind of book. The real theme is that of the European, or even the Asian, who finds his own ordered world crumbling about his ears. Mr Mehdevi finds himself being changed by America; he is not sure if he enjoys the process, but in his heart he wants us to be changed too. This makes his book a forceful and striking one. At the same time, it contains a minatory, prophetic note which I personally am inclined to resist.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

Bargains and Bases

Power and Policy in the USSR. By ROBERT CONQUEST. *Macmillan.* 35*s*.

Mr Conquest's book deals with the period from the last phase of Stalin's rule to the XXI Congress and its immediate aftermath. It is made clear that this is not a history of the Soviet Union. The author suggests that 'the struggle for power at the top is the only area of serious political action in the USSR', and the subject of the book is that struggle. Since, in Soviet conditions, considerable toughness and flexibility are essentials for getting anywhere near the top, the power struggle is necessarily ruthless, devious, complicated and prolonged.

The book is admittedly speculative. 'Any particular hypothesis erected here may conceivably be ruined by some evidence hitherto undetected, at least by the writer'. Nor does it try to provide plausible answers to all the problems raised.

> A good deal in the course of certain individual careers is quite meaningless with our present knowledge . . . whole trains of political events (like the Georgian purges) present large areas of incomprehensibility.

There are the obvious difficulties as to soure material. The author compares his task of unravelling the complexities of the power struggle with a palaeontologist's reconstruction, from mere footprints, of the characteristics of the chirotherium (whose footprints at least stay put). For evidence he relies solely upon Soviet pronouncements and the Soviet press; and in the extraction of relevant fact from the mass of 'woolly theoretical verbosity' the westerner is of course at a disadvantage compared with the Soviet careerist whose whole future may depend upon the correct interpretation of every nuance. The author is justified in claiming that 'maximum intellectual discipline and intellectual effort' are required.

The two main sections of the book respectively cover the power struggle under one-man rule and in conditions of collective leadership. The first section deals with the Leningrad Affair, Agriculture, Georgia, the XIX Congress and the Doctors' Plot. The second gives us the hurried bargainings on Stalin's death; the brief emergence of Beria (in control of the Police Ministries but in search of a political base); the forcing out of Malenkov; the involved background to Krushchev's secret speech; the showdown with the Anti-Party Group; the removal of Zhukov; and finally the ascendancy of Krushchev (limited by the fact that, unlike Stalin, he has so far failed to secure the complete subservience of his top Party bosses).

All this is given with a wide range of quotation and a meticulous plotting of the careers of the persons concerned. By no means everyone will agree with all of the author's suggestions: for instance, the assumption that, in the summer of 1957, the Central Committee would automatically rubber-stamp any decision of the Praesidium's majority seems inconsistent with Krushchev's frantic haste to get his CC adherents back in time to Moscow. Nevertheless *Power and Policy* is an informative and very stimulating piece of work.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

Young Bear

Edith Simcox and George Eliot. By K. A. McKenzie. *Oxford.* 18*s*.

In 1872 Edith Simcox met and fell in love with George Eliot. Her devotion continued long after the novelist's death and spurred her to passionate public service; and it supplied the theme of her manuscript journal, *Autobiography of a Shirt Maker*, which became available to scholars in 1958. Professor McKenzie does not say whether this text, or portions of it, will be published. Here he has chosen a number of extracts and enclosed them in a rather dull explanatory narrative. Edith Simcox emerges as a bold and impressive woman.

She has all the semblance of the 'narrow-gutted' English spinster whom Lawrence found so odious: a middle-class social reformer, she was slight, dowdy and bespectacled – '*une physionomie*', they reported at a Workers' Conference in Paris, '*bien anglaise*'. But none of this matters very much. Certainly there was something wrong with her life, but she was able to name it and understand it. She suffered from 'the emotional inanition of spinsterhood', she said, and the quality of her response to this knowledge will make everyone who reads the book respect her.

'The Madonna' seems to have sensed the erotic nature of the 'worship' she received and was patient and sympathetic, while Lewes figures in the journal as a friendly and boisterous 'brother worshipper'. Meanwhile Edith Simcox got on with 'setting the world to rights'. She wrote solid books in the field of economic history, all designed to teach the lessons of rationalism and radicalism. She worked assiduously to improve conditions in the sweated industries, establishing a female shirt-makers' co-operative in Dean Street, Soho, where the strippers now go shirtless to work in the last surviving sweated trade. And she worked hard to persuade the lagging English Unions to amalgamate with Europe ('a party of miners to breakfast', she records). She also served for a time on the London Schools Board.

The surprise is that this hardy, striding, Engels-like person was capable of transports of adulation and grief. Her feelings are picked over at times with an intensity that manages to recall Proust's letters: flowers are sent with no less elaborate motives. George Eliot is represented by turns in the journal as a melting 'womanly' presence, sumptuous and distressed, and as the source of an inflexible moral authority. Perhaps Edith never fully grasped how taxing and menacing her stifled feelings must have remained. This believer in 'the principle of righteousness' wished to 'kiss holes' in the divine cheek: 'I will lie on the rug and kiss her feet – whether she likes it or not.' George Eliot's circle at the Priory appears here as grave but vivacious, and their resilience was no doubt tested, in ways shown only incompletely in the journal, by Miss Simcox's qualified courtship. Her jealousy of Cross, whose shirts she laughingly swore not to poison in her factory, could scarcely have been much of a joke.

It is not difficult to set aside the sentimentality which may welcome Edith Simcox as an early martyr in the cause of sexual deviation. But she should be admired for recognising where her 'heart's desire' lay, trying for whatever satisfaction she could decently get and making do with the very little that was forthcoming. In George Eliot she saw, 'so beautifully ordered,' 'primitive passions of irresistible strength.' Her own fate, she thought, was 'made of negations.' But these negations were greatly relieved by her own passionate regard for the other woman, and for her art and example. Late in life she asked herself whether it had all been worth it.

> It seems to me that it must be better for the young bears to get their honeycombs (chancing the bees) instead of sucking their own paws till they have learnt to put up with a den and rations in the menagerie of a civilized world. Yet I, a tame beast now, who have given up climbing trees, and have lost my appetite for sweets, feel for a moment just tempted to wonder whether the honeycombs were worth the hunting and the stings.

She did go hunting, though, when she was young, and the stings were very painful, and she bore them very well.

Karl Miller

Crazy Camberwell

Victorian Suburb. By H. J. Dyos. *Leicester University Press.* 30*s*.

One characteristic of the society we live in is that the things that are really wrong are too big to be thought about. While we are bathed in pride over conquering unemployment, the huge fact that most people work eight hours a day from youth to old age at jobs they never wanted to do is not even a problem. A fact of the same magnitude is that most people have their homes in places where they never wanted to live. This we are beginning to worry about.

More people now live in suburbs, broadly defined, than ever before, and the number is relentlessly growing. The suburbologists (if they don't already call themselves that, they soon will) regard 'conurbation' as an obsolete term and talk about the 'city-region'; recently one academic blandly predicted that in another generation London will stretch from the Solent to the Wash. The inhabitants of the region are people who really want to live in either the genuine city or the genuine country, and have had to settle for something that is neither.

Historical study of how things got this way, therefore, is more than due. Mr Dyos leads the way with the story of how Camberwell multiplied its population 65 times over between 1801 and 1901. However, the chief impression left by his account is that nobody wanted this to happen – many of the new houses built as speculations waited years for tenants.

We think of the Victorian suburb in terms of monotony; yet a stroll round Camberwell, or even a glance at the crazy-paving of the map, reveals an infinite variety of style and scheme. This variety, or chaos, is explained and documented when Mr Dyos tells us of 25 'recognisable interests' in what had been a 45-acre meadow, or of the 416 different builders who shared in the construction of 5,000 houses. On this aspect of Camberwell's development, and on financial transactions, he is extremely strong. The pity is that he is clearly less interested in what it was like to live in Camberwell. Schools, churches, and music-halls are listed without much inquiry into what went on in them. The few pages on schools – with one paragraph on the Board Schools which most of the children attended – are the extreme example of this disproportion.

Mervyn Jones

Definitions of Culture

Richard Wollheim *replies to the four critiques published last week of his Fabian pamphlet,* Socialism and Culture.

Replying is not easy: if only because the points raised by my critics vary so enormously in generality. At one end of the scale, Kermode questions very pertinently my interpretation of obscurity in the arts and Shils offers a supplementary analysis of our present cultural stupor. At the other end, Williams and Amis raise verbal niceties – Williams objects to the expression 'under socialism' and Amis would rather I hadn't talked of 'confronting mass-culture'. Incidentally I should like Amis sometime to demonstrate what it is to watch '*as a participant*' (his phrase), rather than 'confront' (my phrase), 77 *Sunset Strip* (his example).

Let me begin by pointing out two things *Socialism and Culture* was never supposed to be. In the first place, it was not supposed to be exclusively a criticism of New Left thinking. So when Williams is surprised that I attack the idea of state patronage and asks, 'But who now supports it? Certainly not the New Left', he is overlooking the fact that, say, nine-tenths of the people in the world who support Socialism support state patronage. I say this not just in defence of my pamphlet but as a criticism of the insularity and parochialism that threatens again to deform British left-wing thinking. Socialism cannot be identified with the ideas that are or might be discussed in the *Partisan* coffee-bar. By birthright and tradition it is an international movement; and when it ceases to be so in its ideas, it will cease to be so in its concerns. Consider how many British leftists today find the declared chauvinism of Frank Cousins perfectly acceptable.

The second thing that *Socialism and Culture* wasn't supposed to be was primarily a criticism of our present society. For this reason, though I wholeheartedly agree with most of what Shils says about contemporary Britain, I don't see it as a fault in my pamphlet that I didn't say it there. My concern with the present extended solely to determining which elements in it were suitable for the future. For, of course, I do not deny that any sane view of the future must be made on the basis of a knowledge of the present, and it is here that both Williams and Amis question my credentials: Williams in reference to working-class culture, Amis in reference to mass culture. Now what it seems to me is of real interest in both these charges is the reasoning that in each case lies behind them, each chain of reasoning being itself ultimately connected with a particular view of what it is to know about our society.

For Williams the charge of ignorance (if that is not too strong a word) directly derives from his assessment of my experience, which is accurate enough. I was born into, I suppose, the middle of the middle class, and was educated 'accordingly'; I live in comfort, and most of my friends have a similar history. For Williams this is enough to cut me off from the kind of knowledge of our society that would allow me to see the force of his argument. I get his point, only too well: for the divisive distinctions in our society go far, far deeper than most sensitive people are prepared to admit. But I deny that direct acquaintance with working-class life is essential to the debate: for that, I believe, can be carried on in rational terms that require no special experience for their comprehension.

Amis's charges of ignorance (about mass culture) are less delicately expressed, although I also observe that he challenges none of my actual conclusions. I think once again the real disagreement is about what it is to have knowledge of society, on which subject Amis has a theory which gives his charges a seriousness they might at first sight seem to lack. Let us first admit that mass culture is a subject which all of those who don't want to be old-fashioned, of whom I am one and Amis may be another, think we know all about. These are among the fantasies of our day. But if this is so, why then did I not ornament my pamphlet with various references to – well, whoever it may be?

The answer is that I thought it would be irrelevant and therefore showing-off. Amis can't seriously have wanted me to have gone in for either of these two things. From which I can only infer that he disliked my omitting these references – while yet agreeing with my substantive conclusions – because he identifies a grasp of social reality with the random accumulation of this kind of fact. If he does, he is not of course the first to do so: nor, as things are going nowadays, will he be the last. There is a strong literary tradition which would equate knowledge of society with knowingness about it: and since, historically, the facts that this kind of writing has aimed at being knowing about were often ones that others wanted to keep dark, it has had on the whole a benign or radical effect. But I believe its function now to be exhausted: for three reasons.

First: as society gets more complex and reflective the accumulation of miscellaneous and strident fact ceases to disturb people, and serves rather to soothe and placate them. A society even feels flattered that it is rich and vital enough to produce such aberrations. Witness the role in the USA of *Time-Life*, or Vance Packard's writings, as cultural apologetics. Secondly, the obsessional interest in fact means the abandonment of the intellectual's prime duty: social criticism. The only way in which facts are graded is according to their novelty. I prefer to adopt what Amis calls a 'welfare-officer relationship' to society. Thirdly, if this documentary tradition becomes dominant – and there is a natural tendency towards this in mass society – all art will become engulfed in a kind of shallow and gutless sociology, and nothing will be admired save for what it 'deals with'. For some signs of this tendency, consider two of the recent cultural disgraces of the London theatre: the success of *Billy Liar* and the failure of *The Connection*. If Amis *really* admires Colin MacInnes (as I do), he must see how little his writing has to do with this magpie tradition.

A last remark. Amis praises me for insisting that education should remain competitive: I shouldn't like it to be thought from this that I am with his views on higher education, which he has propagated under the slogan, 'More means Worse'. These views are inconsistent not only with Socialism but also with fact. Some might well think that the very uncertain grasp he has on facts with which he is professionally concerned does much to weaken his authority elsewhere.

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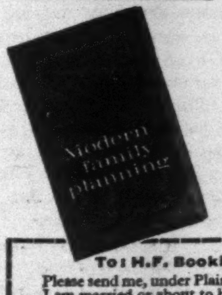

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Black and White Murder Show

V. S. PRITCHETT

It is a good working rule that few French writers are to be trusted in the tropics. They will obscure those regions with intellectual liana. This is certainly brought out by Jean Genet's *The Blacks* at the Royal Court. It is directed by Roger Blin and wonderfully dressed with barbarous grace and humour by André Acquart, who put on the Paris production two years ago; but, if the cast is like an exotic flower show, the play is dispersed by Genet's ingenuity. It is a charade that has too many syllables and goes on for too long. Much has been made of the difficulty of getting at Genet's meaning; the difficulty at the Royal Court was that the lines were beyond the powers of all but two or three members of the Negro cast. Only the brassiest rhetoric was audible, Genet's newsy poetry was hustled, and it was hit or miss with the shower of nuance the actors had to scramble for. They were full of personality, of course; but who besides Harry Baird, Bloke Modisane, the lovely Felicia Okoli and Lloyd Reckford could act?

The Blacks is one of those plays that circles round, living off its own tail: Ionesco (shall we say?), but weighed down all too explicitly with heavy ideas about ritual and the unconscious, cheapened by crude satire and lacking his art. We are shown a group of black actors improvising a play which reveals their public and private feelings about the whites. The whites are blacks who wear masks such as might be worn, in mockery, at tribal rituals. The white Queen, for example, has a head like a vulture's; the Governor has a red spout for a nose and looks like a kettle; they are clowns. A mock trial takes place. There is a coffin on the stage containing the body of a murdered white prostitute – it is understood that every day there is a new white victim - and the business of the play is to make the murderer-hero, Deodatus Village, re-enact his crime in play and so purge himself.

The actor-victim is Diouf, an old Christian-convert Negro who has learned the white man's notions of love. In the course of the play he has to submit to being dressed up to represent a sentimental white mama giving lewd and bashful dumb stares, inviting seduction. After she is seduced and murdered, she ascends satisfied to the white heaven. These jollities are observed by the white caricatures – the Queen and her court – who squeakily agree that the white race is senile and suicidal. This play within a play is farcically done; its purpose is not only to purge the ritualists of guilt but to insist on the necessity for them of absolute, primitive hatred and the gleeful taste for murder. The white Court are all killed, after which they take off their masks, reveal their blackness and are delighted with the joke which we suddenly see has had a more sinister purpose. Edgar Alas Newport News, a brusque young Negro, a political, in worker's shirt and jeans, marches in to say his business is done: he has shot a Negro traitor to the African cause. The charade, performed, we are told, in a mood of 'delicate reprobation', was old-time stuff put on to throw dust in the eyes of the authorities and ourselves. Killing whites is *vieux jeu*. The time for killing Negroes has come.

Nothing could be more topical. Anyone who has read the anthropologists or indeed the daily papers, or has looked into the terrifying fantasy-world of the Africans in the novels of Amos Tutuola where dreams of massacre are familiar and malevolent ghosts throng in thousands, will recognise that Genet is dabbling cleverly in the genuine raw material of the African imagination. The trouble is that, in the manner of the Boulevard Saint-Germain, he is taking things from this imagination, formalising them and re-issuing them as ideas: not hating, but Hatred; not killing, but Murder as purgation, as a necessary self-fulfilment, or as a political principle.

But not wishing to be caught on doubtful ground, he quickly turns these ideas into a savage poetry. Yet, obviously, a committed political character like Edgar Alas Newport News is not going to listen to the ideas or the poetry after they have ceased to be useful to whatever revolution he may be engaged in making. So Genet's mind twists again. He turns to an idyll: the beautiful, laughing, affectable Stephanie Virtue Secret-Rose is in love with the pleasing young murderer. She is jealous because she cannot be sure that there is no element of sexual attraction towards the whites whom he goes about killing. Her petulant jealousy and her love are the only normal, unfalsified feelings in the play and they point to the one piece of genuine psychological observation: that the blacks are bewildered by the moral influence of the whites. In these love scenes Genet shows a craving to get rid of his fantasies as an intellectual and to get back to the simple life. Or to reality.

There are parallel incidents in two earlier plays *The Maids* and *The Balcony*. Genet is lyrical, spirited and observant in this mood and, if there are obscenities, they are comical. I am not arguing that Genet ought not to shock; in fact, when he starts being unshocking and moral towards the end of *The Blacks*, the charade drags. He repents of the satire and allows the white Queen a dignified speech about the exhausting labour of creating a civilisation. This is at odds with the mischievous spirit of the play. Since we are still supposed to be looking at blacks playing the white mind, this scene may, of course, mean that the blacks are awed sentimentalists after all. And Genet a sentimentalist also, as sentimental as Loti was about the East or as sentimental as Sartre is about Genet when he calls him *'Saint Genet, Comédien et Martyr.'*

The comedy Genet is up to in his plays is the inflation of the hate-fantasies of his underdogs; in fantasy they avenge their submission to society. But so much private rhetoric exhausts them. Their poor nerves go. They hanker after the safety of their wretched circumstances. They long to escape from the boredom and claustrophobia of their obsessions. So do we. But Genet's notion that the underdog is playing out a role which virtuous society has imposed on him makes good theatre if kept within strict limits. This can be seen in *Deathwatch*, the first of his plays. It is derived, obviously, from *Huis Clos*. Here the struggle for power is concentrated in the talk and actions of three men in a prison cell. Each is playing for an absolute personal dominance. They provoke one another, and manoeuvre, until at last the breaking-point is reached and we have the inevitable Genet murder. The dialogue is good and the murderer's pseudo-intellectual explanation, that he was driven by 'a yearning for misfortune', is not pretentious. Criminal vanity has been made plain to us. *The Maids* also, I am told, succeeds on the stage; I can well believe it.

The two maids are seen conducting what they call their 'ceremonies'; while one impersonates the mistress, caricatures her snobbery, her meanness and her playful condescension, the other is the dominated slave; then they change roles and end by carrying the fantasy to such lengths that they over-reach themselves and plan, incompetently, the mistress's murder. Once more, as in *The Blacks*, we witness a form of purgation by ritual. *The Maids* is comedy but with an edge of obsessional guilt in it; and it succeeds because Genet is on his own ground. The end is rhetorical but powerful. The social observation is far more acceptable than it is in *The Blacks*. Genet cannot be a social conscience for, like his criminals, he denies society; he can only turn it inside out and present it as a chaos of illusions in which all illusions amount to the same thing. This is the error we call sentimentality.

We also see it at work in *The Balcony*. I imagine the satire and symbolism in this play would have the tedium of too much power, on the stage. As usual in Genet, the end drags because he can never resist his appetite for fresh nuance. The scene is a super-brothel, lavishly equipped with 'studios' where society's most exotic sexual fantasies can be fulfilled – a pleasure organisation comparable with Orwell's pain organisation in *1984*. (There is a similar preoccupation with power.) Bishop, Judge and Chief of Police are here able, in private life, to gratify perverse extensions of their official roles. The Bishop's lust requires disgusting and untrue confessions, the cavalry General requires his lady to be saddled like a horse. A Puritan revolution is taking place in the city and although it nominally succeeds, it is in fact skilfully taken over by the Madame of the brothel – 'the house of illusions' – and her distinguished customers. She becomes Queen: the monarchic state is interchangeable with the super-brothel for it allays the sex-power fantasies of the masses. Idle to say that these fantasies will not satisfy because of their falsity; when people 'go back home' – to their real lives – they will find the same falsities there. Possibly – but what an insignificant platitude!

All Genet's plays are about struggles for power. It is good satire to pretend that vice is virtue. But for an artist to start *arguing* this with dead, melodramatic seriousness is to make the mistake of being conceited about one's material. Genet's talent is for the energetic description of the low, criminal or vicious life and its dreams. There is a great deal to be said for his preoccupation with 'ceremonies', rituals and masquerade, for these restore something traditional to the theatre. But when he starts intellectualising, plugging symbols and, in general, living up to Sartre's notion of 'Genet the criminal saint', he is an inflated crank, theatrical in a sense which is disastrous in the theatre.

The Teaching Box

TOM DRIBERG

At 10.30 a.m. on a recent Saturday a young woman appeared on the BBC screen, smiling frequently *and wearing spectacles,* to announce 'a new development in television'. So was launched the BBC's policy of devoting time on Saturday mornings to 'providing a second opportunity to see programmes originally transmitted at peak viewing hours, but [but?] of proved educational value'. I am not myself sure that mid-morning on Saturday (shopping? gardening?) is the best time for this experiment, welcome as it is; but the BBC believes that there is a considerable potential audience, largely of adults who work a five-day week and can never see the regular weekday school programmes. 'Sneak' viewers of these, however, housewives, night-shift workers and retired people, now number up to a million on the two networks. Four series of *Science on Saturday* are scheduled, to run uncompromisingly right through the holiday period until 30 December. (The programme which sun-drowsy viewers may see on 26 August is called *The Six Parameters of Parametric Artificial Talking.*)

The experiment was preceded by a brisk skirmish between the BBC and ITV. Mr Norman Collins had spoken, in his finest public-service manner, of his 'unsuccessful battle with the Postmaster-General to bring Saturday morning education to millions on commercial television': he had lost the battle because such an extra would have brought ITV's total hours above the permitted number of 50 a week. Mr Stuart Hood, of the BBC, pointed out that the BBC was also limited to 50 hours a week, but was 'taking time out of the permitted allowance in order to present these programmes'. Mr Howard Thomas, of ABC TV, then described the agonising plight of his company: 'We are allowed on the air for only 15 hours. We cannot allocate one hour out of our closely packed week-end schedule and reduce our service'.

This statement provides a fascinating glimpse into the mind of an ITV man. The 'service' that cannot be reduced, to accommodate this apparently much-needed programme (in ABC's case, on Sunday mornings), consists largely of the usual week-end fruit-salad of imported film thrillers (*Highway Patrol, 77 Sunset Strip, Whiplash*). ABC's hours are only 15, indeed, because ABC has the Midland and Northern contracts for the week-end only. But the time required (BBC model) is not one hour but half-an-hour. If ABC cannot squeeze 15 minutes a day out of its week-end programmes – if adult education is not worth one-15th of its time – why shouldn't the half-hour be spread over the whole week, by arrangement with other ITV companies? And, of course, the BBC, which has managed this difficult exercise in programming logistics, also has a 'closely packed week-end schedule'.

All the same, I am with Mr Collins and Mr Thomas to this extent: since school television and outside broadcasts (boxing, royal weddings, Guildhall banquets) are not counted in the 50-hour total, I don't see why the PMG shouldn't allow both Authorities an extra half-hour on Saturday mornings for educational programmes, strictly defined.

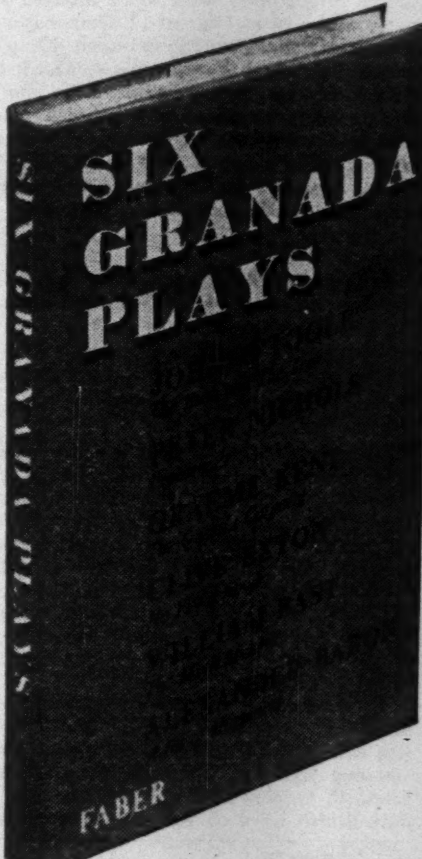
The first 15 minutes of the BBC's first Saturday half-hour consisted of the first of ten Royal Institution lectures by Sir Lawrence Bragg on *The Structure of Matter.* This one was on *Solids, Liquids, and Gases.* The simplest props: a boiling kettle, a dish of water, a block of ice; a red-hot poker thrust into the ice . . . Ping-pong balls buried in sand: the sand, previously 'behaving like a solid', turned by the magic of science into a bubbling liquid.

The remaining 15 minutes, *The Artist Speaks,* though even more pleasing to the eye, presented a more strenuous intellectual demand, for Michael Ayrton, as he himself said, is not an intuitive painter: 'I like to think through as well as feeling through a work'. He showed us the landscape he likes, 'long inhabited and heavy with history'; the camera showed us his idiosyncratic way with wax-relief, his bronze acrobats gyrating against a moving background of trees and water, and, close-up, brush and palette-knife kneading the rich paint. (Is it BBC policy to make us thirst as often as possible for the colour denied us by the Government?)

Such experiences as these are truly educative, for adults or children; but what of school television proper? Now just four years old, this is a well-established service: 2,500 schools take the BBC programmes, 2,000 (many the same schools) the ITV. This is the only example of sensible collaboration between the Authorities: BBC programmes go out in the morning, ITV in the afternoon. BBC school TV re-started last week after the Whitsun holiday; ITV did not – presumably because of the outside broadcasts from Epsom in Derby week. It is charitable to see this as an example of the BBC's astuteness, or luck, in getting the morning for its school TV rather than of ITV's assessment of values; but there were complaints when, several years ago, an ITV school programme was cancelled because of Wimbledon; such gaps in a school's curriculum can be inconvenient.

In content, the programmes on both networks seem to have avoided the main pitfall – seeking, or seeming, to replace the teacher on the subjects which most require personal communication between teacher and children. (Perhaps the only series slightly open to this reproach is the most successful of all – *Chez les Dupré,* ITV's simple and charming dramatisation of colloquial French, which enjoys the unique distinction of an evening repeat.)

Scientific demonstrations can actually be more comprehensible, because more visible, on TV than in a class of 30 or 40 in a school lab. Even these wonders can pall, at least on the adult: when I switch on a school programme I am sometimes reminded of a recent *New Yorker* drawing of an awful child pointing to a TV set and bawling 'Mom, dad, quick! The man is going to show a drop of perspiration magnified a thousand times!' But, in general, the range of programmes is impressive, and most of those taking part in them manage to avoid the fatal 'talking-down'. In a recent *Science and Life* (BBC) Arthur Garratt, messing about with chemicals, must have recaptured truant thoughts when he suddenly said: 'I've got them slightly wrong . . . That's better'; in *Spotlight* (BBC), Alan Gibson presented the H-bomb controversy in a calm, reasonable way which really did approximate to objectivity; and the ITV companies' joint plans for 1961-62, just announced, offer a choice of ten series, aimed at the age-groups between nine and 18 and including an examination 'in depth', and production, of *Hamlet,* basic mathematical ideas (for 10-year-olds), a history of modern industry, and programmes on design in daily



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life and the social context of the arts.

One can only hope that, as viewers grow up who have been exposed to these admirable programmes, they will increasingly want adult TV in out-of-school hours. Too many evening programmes seem to be directed at people with a mental age of 12. Quiz-masters in particular might be required to sit through some of the school programmes (unless it is really true that they pretend to be more illiterate than they are, so as to put viewers at their ease). Recently, in *Junior Criss-Cross Quiz*, a girl contestant told Jeremy Hawk she was interested in Greek myths. She looked blank when he knowingly cited Siegfried.

New Music, Old Ways

DAVID DREW

The old way of performing new music dies hard: two or three worried rehearsals, a spit and, with luck, a polish, and then a performance which unites the worst features of all the rehearsals with a crop of unexpected novelties. New music will continue to suffer until there is general understanding that every worthwhile work is difficult, even if it looks as easy as the do-it-yourself ostinatos of Satie's *Parade* (performed in London last week by the LPO).

A programme of contemporary music broadcast last week by the BBC in collaboration with the ICA contained three new works and one 'old' one, Debussy's *Jeux*. Miss Elisabeth Lutyens's *Music for Orchestra*, the only British work on the programme, is not the kind of superficially 'tricky' piece which is usually granted the honour of special attention at rehearsals. In an age which tolerates the notation of rhythms that are no more than a figment of the optical imagination, a work like Miss Lutyens's opus 31 might be thought simple enough to be left almost to play itself. That kind of reasoning has nothing to do with music, and the competent play-through of Miss Lutyens's work had very little to do with it either.

It is a matter of some concern when a composer like Miss Lutyens has to wait six years for the first performance of a major work. *Music for Orchestra* may not be a masterpiece, but its craftsmanship and its unfailing musicality earn it more respect than many pieces which are eagerly performed the moment the composer's ink has dried. We are much in need of the kind of standards which Miss Lutyens upholds, and they are standards which every performance should match. What we heard last Thursday was a rough draft. One had to wait for some time after the beginning of each musical paragraph before the rhythmic and melodic characters were made plain; and even when there was a simple tune with accompaniment – a texture which Miss Lutyens handles with great charm – the accompaniment had no profile.

The performance of *Jeux* is best forgotten – for the work itself will not be. The centrepiece of the concert was Olivier Messiaen's 'concertino' for piano and wind instruments, *Oiseaux Exotiques;* and it is a testimony to the strength of the work and the iron will of the inspired soloist, Yvonne Loriod, that it carried the evening despite a standard of orchestral performance that would be laughable if applied to a classical work. It is not the fault of the players. I do not know how much rehearsal time they were allowed for this extremely difficult piece. It cannot have been very long, for had they been given a chance to feel their way into the ensemble and become familiar with more than their own individual parts, some of the errors and abdications would never have occurred.

As the composer himself has lately said, 'the work is an enormous counterpoint of birdsong, in which everything counts, and one must, in the last resort, be able to hear every instrument.' Everything counts – the relationship between main and subsidiary voices (who could have guessed from last week's performance that there was any such distinction?), between solo and accompaniment and percussive sub-accompaniment, between *tutti* and cadenzas. The whole texture is the infinitely scrupulous work of one of the most remarkable aural imaginations in the history of music, and it is not easy for us lesser mortals to 'hear'. What Stravinsky has said about the difficulty of hearing his recent music vertically could be said of *Oiseaux Exotiques* many times over. But this is not the only reason why, looking back over British concert premieres during the past winter and spring, we should dare to mention *Oiseaux Exotiques* and Stravinsky's *Movements* in the same breath. Together with the *Catalogue d'Oiseaux* (from which Mme Loriod played eight pieces at a French Institute concert last week) *Oiseaux Exotiques* should help to revive interest in a composer whose own creative revival is one of the most exciting and moving things in the musical world of today. I shall be writing in more detail about this during the coming month. In the meanwhile, let us hope that Mme Loriod will return soon. She plays Messiaen's works with the musical ear of genius, and the heart of a crusading saint.

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by CECIL CHISHOLM

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Bumming Around

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Quite a week, with three films fit to charm us away from the supine telly-side. To the National Film Theatre, on Friday and Saturday, comes *The Connection*, another adventure in the country of *Shadows*. Here, brilliantly transplanted from the stage, is the bunch of junkies littering a room, draped over furniture and round jazz instruments in a corner, resentful of anything from outside except the arrival of Cowboy with his syringe. The room and the people are brought close with the cruel exactitude of one of those investigations into insect life: into, say, the parasitic habits of the alder wasps. Leach tottering about with his neck-boil, railing at squalor, Solly with his philosophy, the four musicians with a dirge finding its way to lips and fingertips: they are inescapable, but for a long time – so far as I was concerned – emptily irritating amid the manoeuvres needed to make them catch on.

On the stage a producer compered them; now it's a director and a cameraman, the camera itself turning relentlessly in search of the thread. The trouble is that a good deal of artifice has to be employed; naturalism is acted, at times overacted; there is some 'play', in the mechanical sense, between spontaneity and seeming spontaneous. The intrusions of the man who arrives to plug in his gramophone and of the old Salvation lass belong to the theatre. It has taken too long for us to warm up and accept these conventions; but once we do the thing works like a dream. Shirley Clarke has made this extraordinary stride out of documentary, and one wonders where she will go next. Into more bumming around, or away from it?

Then at the Curzon there's a double bill which has come in for some slights: can one enjoy Bergman medievalism and Russian sentimental realism in a single programme? I don't see why not. Enjoyment doesn't necessarily involve adherence. Devaluation of Bergman has gone too far. *Virgin Spring* is his best film for several years, and is enormously more skilful than any other film shown in the week, though to read the reviews you might not think so. No one could have made it but Bergman, and it's hard to see how it could have been better made. The source is a bloody medieval ballad; a pampered virgin goes riding off to church through the woods, is beset by three goats' herdsmen, raped, murdered; and from the spot starts a miraculous spring. This is no crueller or more recessive than *Rashomon*, and the tale is beautifully told. The outcast, pregnant servant-girl, whose paganism seeks evil spells; the forest deepening till the encounter with the herdsmen; their flight and attempt to sell the stolen robes to the girl's parents; the father cleansing himself, killing them and leading the way to dreadful discovery: it makes a gripping story, with no more added to legend than film narrative requires. The whole film is a lesser but still valid exploration of the mood and belief that produced *The Seventh Seal*. One may legitimately complain that Bergman overdoes his horrors, but the fact that its basis is Christian should not prejudice us. Those who have objected to Bergman's barbarities would quite calmly accept them under the name of Shintoism – or Communism. His scriptwriter is again Ulla Isaakson and Max

ALGERIAN SORROW

Recently we pleaded for 2,075,256 Algerian women, old men and children who had suffered by vicious treatment within Algeria itself, locked in Regroupment Camps. Total population is only 9 million.

We restrained our language with difficulty. We dared not publish the full facts as hope was strong that Peace would soon come and these unfortunates, locked away in what was little better than prison camps, would be free to return home. Today, it is even more necessary to be restrained, but we declare our horror and shame that so many innocent children have died under revolting circumstances.

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> . . . near the border of Tunisia I stood and watched the great host of Algerian Refugees receiving food. My escort a Swiss of great integrity, whose humanity, balance and intelligence had greatly impressed me, said, "These Refugees get rough food but it is a reasonable amount; children are now beginning to play, and that is a really good sign." After standing in silence he spoke again, "Sir, my thoughts are in Algeria itself. The poor souls in the Regroupment Camps—it would appear that it is desired for one million to die." I dared not question him. I knew the truth.

Extract from Report by Frank Harcourt-Munning, Administrator, **War on Want** *Mission to Tunisia, December, 1960.*

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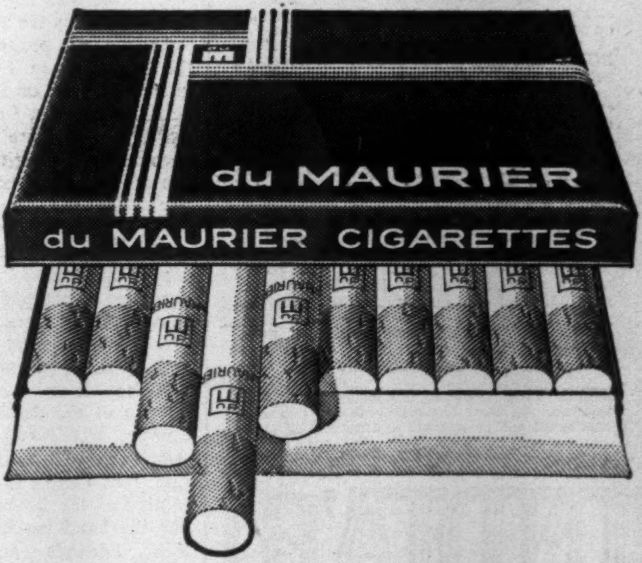

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von Sydow plays the father.

Grigori Chukhrai's *Ballad of a Soldier* is in the new Russian mode of tempered realism, and the tale being of war, evil is on the enemy side and good at home. This piety doesn't annul the charm of a very young 'hero' who has disabled two tanks by luck and goes on a week's leave to visit his mother, meeting, of course, a girl. Their adventure in stolen train-journeys and rainy stops by the way, makes a straightforward appeal, innocence looms, mother-love waits and weeps, and a stereotyped but still affecting romance is set up to be broken. The faults are a love of cliché, a glossing over of individuals.

Jazz on Film

FRANCIS NEWTON

No two arts are more characteristic of the 20th century than jazz and the cinema, but until recently the two have hardly touched one another. This is because jazz, though a 'popular art', did not become part of the mass culture of paying customers until the 1950's; or alternatively, because the apostles who are prepared to smuggle good jazz into films regardless of box-office value belong to the generation which has only come into the industry since the war. Things will be different in future, for we have passed unnoticing through the revolution which has made jazz a part of every young person's life.

At present, however, the National Film Theatre hasn't much to fill its three programmes on jazz on film. The first 30 years of the two arts' coexistence – 1920-1950 – have yielded practically nothing. There are a few shorts, mostly thrown together by hacks, and memorable only because one of them has preserved for us the movements of Bessie Smith – terrible in her sad, bulky beauty like a dying whale, singing the Saint Louis Blues in a cloche hat. There is *Jammin' The Blues,* which is still, in spite of excessively arty camera work, a most impressive job and a beautiful memorial to the late Lester Young, whose remote, somnambulistic Mona Lisa face dominates the screen.

Most of the programmes were drawn from the Fifties, when TV also began to take an interest in jazz; on the whole – as witness an admirable extract from Monitor about Dankworth – with more success than the cinema. Two major innovations of the decade were not shown: the systematic use of jazz for sound tracks (as in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*) and the integration of jazz into the cartoon film. Probably UPA cartoons, TV commercials and the like are the only branches of art which have absorbed jazz as completely and unselfconsciously as has our urban civilisation at large.

Still, recent years have at least allowed the NFT to fill its programmes. The cinematic interest of the documentaries and extracts is uneven, but Karel Reisz's *Momma Don't Allow* (with Chris Barber) is a superb exception. Jack Gold's *Living Jazz* (about the daily routine of the Bruce Turner band) is patchy, like the band itself, which cannot keep pace with Turner's greatly underrated alto. A small social footnote: while a retrospective documentation of New Orleans and Dixieland-Chicago has been possible, because enough old players survive, the pioneer modernists are almost unfilmed, for the Charlie Parkers and Fats Navarros are already dead.

Made for Man

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

TAMAYO (Gallery One). Unbelievably, the first individual show in England of one of the most important painters in the whole American hemisphere. This group of recent paintings shows him in mellower mood than formerly. But though quiet, even a trifle withdrawn, in feeling, they have great breadth of style and a very personal feeling for scale. The vocabulary of forms – the conventions used for depicting the figure and so on – undoubtedly derive from the *Ecole de Paris.* However, Tamayo has a strong enough, one might say alien enough, personality to accomplish the difficult feat of bending these influences to his own artistic ends. The colour and texture of these big canvases are alike beautiful, and somehow characteristically Mexican. The surface is very dry, but still full of subtle graduations. The colours are earth-tones: off-whites, earth-reds, clayey greens. One especially impressive picture, called *Hombre en un interior,* would, I think, make an instructive contrast if hung beside one of Bacon's *Popes.* The Bacon convention of the containing box is used, but to very different ends. Tamayo's single, static figure is an image of human dignity, an emblem of a world made for man. It does not struggle, as Bacon's do, to burst from its imprisoning case. Instead, the constricted setting emphasises the value of the individual human being.

MARCOUSSIS (Rowland, Browse & Delbanco) is very much the sort of painter who, perhaps, doesn't get his just due in the present state of art criticism, which puts such enormous emphasis on the idea of originality. Demonstrably, Marcoussis is the child of Brague, and to some extent, too, of Picasso. But within his limits, he strikes me as both agreeable and skilful. BARBARA HEPWORTH (Gimpel Fils). Her new exhibition shows her as somewhat the prisoner of her own style. Coolly reticent as ever, her work shows little sign of a new evolution. Instead, it seems already part of the history of art – remote from what is happening among the younger generation of British sculptors. Even so, it still has considerable formal power.

Shame the World

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Brecht wrote *The Visions of Simone Machard* between 1941 and 1943. Its current performance at Unity Theatre is the first in Britain. In his mature plays, Brecht takes a basically simple story, which he dramatises in a quite realistic way, and then creates around it a pattern of dramatic devices which allow us to see this story and its meanings in complex vision. Here a servant girl is given a book about Jeanne d'Arc by her employer, who wishes her to learn about the glory of France. But it is June, 1940, with German tanks breaking through to the Loire. As the nation disintegrates, from corruption and apathy, Simone acts: to help those in need, and to resist the enemy. Eventually, her example is followed, and the Resistance is born.

The corrupt reality is warmly and roughly dramatised. For the rich, France is property, and so the true enemy is the threat to property – in immediate terms, the requisitioning

French army and the hungry refugees. For the poor, France is also property: not because they have it but because they are used to dependence on it. When the German officer arrives, it is clear that the rich, of whatever country, 'know how to get on with the rich'. When the German private arrives, it is equally clear that the poor know how to get on with the poor, but only until they are recalled to duty, and then they obey orders, even against their own interests. Simone has the disadvantage that she believes in the loyalties she has been taught. When she acts, she acts alone, and is left alone to be punished.

It is a simple story of heroism, but Brecht insists that heroism is not simple. Each realistic scene is counterpointed by a vision. Simone sees the angel who tells her that she is France and must resist: this is the heroic dimension. But at the same time it is a child's vision: of toy helmets and toy swords. It is 'stained glass' and it is 'childish', against the wise, adult, compromising world. It is beautiful and ridiculous, and everything rests in that tension. The King takes her toy sword to dub her a lady of France. She is transfigured by the honour and glory of it. Then the King keeps the sword – the honour was given so that she would not be able to fight. But in vision and reality she learns the same lesson: Brecht's normal, bitter, anti-romantic lesson – there is no sense in heroism, it is simply required of us. The person who acts will be destroyed, but in the process can create a new world. The choice can go, in anyone, either way. But let it be made in real terms, where illusion and disillusion belong together.

The Unity production, by Heinz Bernard, is strong and simple. The sincerity and enthusiasm of the cast let the play come through quite clearly, in its balancing of reality and charade. There is a magnificent performance of Simone, by Anna Kashden: awkward, naive, beautiful – a child shamed by and shaming the settled grown-up world.

State Occasions

DAN JACOBSON

During the 'Prologue' to the Moscow State Circus at the Empire Pool, Wembley, an illuminated satellite circled above the arena, while the band played music of a celestial kind. I feared that we might be in for some heavy reminders of a certain technological superiority. But these fears were put to rest by the entry of Karandash, the chief clown of the circus, who came into the arena riding a tiny black donkey. The donkey was equipped with handlebars and a pair of pedals. Karandash dismounted from it, and then performed a trick. He held a china plate in one hand and a hammer in the other, and, with a fatuous expression of self-satisfaction on his face, shattered the plate.

The most spectacular stunt performed in the course of the programme is more difficult to describe. A small brownish man balanced a 20-foot pole vertically on his forehead (no hands), with another small brown man standing on his head at the other end of the pole. Thus burdened, the first man proceeded to ascend a vertical ladder to a platform, from which he launched himself on to a pair of tightropes leading to another platform. There he lay down, turned round, stood up, negotiated the tightropes once again, and descended the ladder. The other man remained in position, upside down, throughout the performance. 'Can you do that?' loudly asked the five-year-old who was with me; very softly, I answered 'No.'

'We British love our horses,' boomed the loudspeaker at the Royal Tournament at Earls Court, ushering out a musical drive by the King's Troop, RHA; I would say, however, that the Tournament proved that the British love their own antiquarianism more. It is true that there were some modern events, including a Commando raid up a cliff-face, which culminated in the demolition of a *papier mâché* bridge. But the highlight of the afternoon's entertainment was unquestionably the spectacle of several hundred young naval ratings, dressed in flat black hats and pigtails, solemnly dancing the Hornpipe (as it used to be taught in the 'Dance Studios' of my earliest childhood), under the scrutiny of a few ornate figures wearing cocked hats, knee breeches and buckled shoes. In comparison with those sailors, the jingling troopers of the Household Cavalry looked positively menacing.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,633 **Set by Stephen Spender**

Readers are asked for extracts from the stream of interior monologue (in the manner of Stephen Dedalus or the Blooms) going on in the head of one of the following while he or she is walking to his customary place of work: Harold Macmillan, Professor A. J. Ayer, Kingsley Martin, Sir Charles Snow, Antony Armstrong-Jones. Limit 150 words. Entries by 20 June.

Result of No. 1,630 **Set by J. E. Miller**

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a Soviet novel of the Twenties by Zamyatin. It has lately been claimed that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* bears a suspicious resemblance to an early story by Ilya Ehrenburg. Competitors are invited to submit an extract from the original Soviet novel plagiarised by one of: *The Green Hat, The Forsyte Saga, The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli, Decline and Fall, Brighton Rock, Saturday Night and Sunday Morning.*

Report

Plenty of Soamovars; Firbank and Arlen, however, drew only two brave tries. A fair crop of *stilyagi* was discovered in the English novels set, but the Sillitoe hero (part *stilyagin*, part *komsomol*, it turned out) lost a good deal of his lustre in his *ur*-state. (Zamyatin was an emigré writer, by the way – not, as printed, a Soviet.)

A guinea each to the entries printed.

DECLINE AND FALL

Paul had not realised, when appointed to teach at the Academy, that its staff included a Hero of the Revolution. A brief conversation with his new colleague soon revealed the fact, however.

'You'll be wondering how I got this,' said the Captain, tapping the wooden leg that he had, with true proletarian resourcefulness, himself turned on the lathe. 'We were attacking the Winter Palace. I was, of course, completely drunk.'

'Drunk?' echoed Paul, a little dubiously.

'With revolutionary spirit,' continued the Captain imperturbably. 'I was run over by a droshky driven by a particularly malevolent Menshevik. However,' he added, 'when you've been "a fly in the kvass" as often I have you don't worry about a little thing like that.' [*Translator's Note:* The nearest English equivalent would be 'in the soup'.]

MOLLY FITTON

THE FORSYTE SAGA

Irina turned brimming eyes upon Bosinsky. 'These bourgeois!' she cried, 'they measure everything in roubles! A house, worth so much, an estate of so many souls, at so much a head, a handsome wife, bought in the marriage market. Their talk is all of property, property. Old Count Ivan, the head of the clan, Yakov, Timofei the miser, Nikolai – they are all alike; and my husband, Somesky Yakovich, is the worst. I am his chattel, like the pictures he buys, not for love of art, but for the price he believes they will fetch. How I hate them all! I am stifled in their world.'

Bosinsky drew her to him tenderly. 'They are typical products, my sweet,' he replied, 'of a capitalist ideology in decline, as brilliantly depicted in the Marxist analysis. Come with me, little sister, and together we will watch the dawning of Dialectical Materialism!'

R. KENNARD DAVIS

Irene finally left Soames, unable to endure the bourgeois conception of a wife as a chattel of her husband, a mere plaything through which he could display the wealth he gained by exploiting the workers. But, as might be expected in the unsatisfactory social relations of the time, she did not make good use of her escape. Without any training for socially useful work, she was obliged to support herself as a governess, a mere hanger-on and lackey of those who ground the faces of the poor. In name she was the educator of her charges, but all she did was to instruct them in so-called accomplishments. Of enlightening them as to the true world situation – the injustice of the social order, and the revolution which would finally overthrow it – there could be no question, for she herself lacked the information and perception for this task.

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The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

We walked out from Salcombe to Bolt Head and round to Bolt Tail. If there is a more beautiful piece of country in all the bony, Celtic coast of Europe, I do not know of it.

There were no people; or rather, there were two young men practising rock-climbing on one of the vertical limestone outcrops, and using a glaringly white nylon rope. Cliff-tops, where they sloped down to their abrupt fall into an ultramarine sea, were stippled pink with thrift or white with marguerites. Here and there mobs of tall foxgloves were coming into flower. Background hill faces were golden with that plant which the late Frank Kingdon-Ward, greatest of latter-day plant hunters, said he would rather have introduced into England than any other, had it not been native: the common gorse.

We found the most beautifully coloured of the native geraniums in flower, the Bloody Cranesbill; and, an uncovenanted mercy, *Rosa spinossissima*, mingling its exquisitely-formed creamy flowers with the yellow pea-flowers of the gorse. The sun had great power but a wind off the sea cooled the air. The short grass we lay upon was fragrant. Gulls did their trick of rising on still wings above the cliff-top, riding the air-currents, adjusting to invisible swirls and eddies with a kinesthetic skill very pleasant to see.

So what? So nothing, of course. I daresay our purpose, whatever that may be, would be better served by a power-station surrounded by a housing estate jerry-built for small profits and quick returns. Unless the happiness of being still and looking and not questioning the nature of joy in the antics of species other than ours, be admissible as evidence. But they say you can get visions by swallowing mescalin.

Later we moved inland to the valley of the Dart and walked through woods towards the river. Grass and bluebells changed to young sedge and we came out upon the bank where a flat stone promontory thrust out into the stream.

The shallow water running with a murmur over stone was olive green, bice green, jade green and transparent under the sun. Water-boatmen walked the water with their epileptic gait, and cast strange shadows on the bottom, vastly bigger than themselves and like the footprints of some four-toed beast. From time to time a breath of wind swung the heads of purple rhododendron which hung above the surface rippled by the same gentle gust. An angler on the far bank motioned us to silence with an irritated gesture.

Presently he collected his gear and moved to another place out of sight. We put the wine, Shottenden 1959, into the stream to cool, and began to eat our sandwiches. A chaffinch came for crumbs. We saw an eight-inch trout flirting in shallow water at our feet, looking as if at any moment he would stand on his tail and beg for some of what the chaffinch was getting. He was joined by another, half his size. I nearly went looking for that angler, to say: 'Look, they don't mind us talking'. Rooks know the difference between a man with a gun and a man with a stick; maybe trout are also able to know a rod when they see one.

There, for an hour, we watched first two, then half a dozen trout using their brains and their knowledge of the stream. My wife, who feeds all creatures bar spiders, threw small pieces of bread into the water up-stream of the fish. It took one large trout – the others soon following his example – between five and ten minutes to realise that by a quick dash down-stream and a lightning turn very beautiful to watch, he could place himself in a sort of strait between two stones into which every floating crumb was drawn. The fish would take up a position, watching the approaching crumb, back away once or twice, and then, mouth wide, and with a powerful flick of the tail, shoot forward and up to swallow the food. Once or twice a fish missed a crumb, but always to turn and take it down-stream instead of up.

The trout were not all equally quick to learn; one led, the others followed, and the very small ones, whether through stupidity, timidity or an exclusive carnivorousness, did not compete but just hung about. Presently, by dint of watching, we saw how trout, like gulls, have great kinesthetic skill, holding themselves where they want to be by innumerable and constant small muscular efforts in response to the multiple forces of the stream.

An odd thing about it was that all the fish ignored a hatch of mayfly, and a drift of green caterpillars which floated down from up-stream, in favour of sodden bread-crumbs. But they were not insatiable, and when they had had enough, refused to eat but remained to play with the stream, drifting down backwards, then darting forward, or idling for a moment in the lee of a stone.

I do not know why watching these trout at food and play was, for an hour, as productive of conscious enjoyment as an evening of good theatre.

City Lights

TAURUS

The City was prepared for last week's reminder that share prices move down as well as up. Industrial equities had risen by 25 per cent in five months, the rise had begun to slacken some weeks before, and jobbers were ready to mark prices down sharply as soon as the fainthearts started to turn their paper profits into cash. The fall was sharp, sudden, but limited; if it goes further – and the market is now balanced delicately enough for a passing breeze to push it in either direction – it is unlikely to go far. Most people do not yet think that equity yields as a whole are unreasonably low, and insurance companies will find it hard to resist the temptation if they become much higher.

But it is becoming more and more difficult to talk about equity yields as a whole: the new investor's habit of buying only fashionable growth and the giant economy-size has exaggerated individual differences to the point where averages become almost meaningless. The timing of last week's reaction was caused largely by the fact that a good many of these giants and objects of fashion were publishing disappointing results or issuing loud warnings about the pressure of competition on profit margins. It is disconcerting, when you have paid a lot for the assumption of automatic growth, to find that the assumption may have been over-optimistic: even if the average level of share prices varies little during the next month or two, individual shares are likely to move up or down quite sharply.

These swings may be accentuated by the fact that investors now seem to be paying more attention to the business headlines and to the various short-term uncertainties they tear into the behaviour of sterling and the gold reserve. The news that the gold reserve dropped by only £16m last month, after falls of £26m and £62m in April and March, helped to stop the rot in the stock market at the end of last week: the market did not realise at the time that the apparent improvement was due mainly to Australian borrowing from the International Monetary Fund.

* * *

The evidence given to the Jenkins committee on company law reform by representatives of the US Securities and Exchange Commission makes refreshing reading. America has been used, for more than a generation, to the idea that private enterprise works only if it is supervised minutely by a large squad of cynical and expert policemen, whereas most of the polite City evidence to the Committee, while acknowledging that abuses exist, has suggested that it is not worth changing the law for the sake of attempting to catch an occasional rogue. This difference of attitude came out typically when a merchant banker member of the committee suggested that American businessmen, if allowed to include a profits forecast in the prospectus of a new issue, would naturally tend to err on the side of caution. The SEC man cleared his throat: 'We', he said, 'have the unfortunate experience of living on the seamy side as well as on the other side of the street . . . I have no doubt that reputable bankers would be most conservative . . . but . . .'

The SEC men were particularly frank on the subject of what happens to gentlemanly standards when inexperienced investors take

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COMPANY MEETING

HAMBROS BANK HAS RECORD YEAR

The 49th Annual General Meeting of Hambros Bank Limited was held yesterday (June 8th) at the office of the Bank, 41 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

Sir Charles Hambro, K.B.E., Chairman of the Company stated:

On the 25th April the Bank suffered a grievous loss in the death of our Chairman, Mr. Olaf Hambro, a great personality in the City of London who started work in our family firm of C. J. Hambro & Son in 1908. He was one of the last representatives of that great age of Merchant Banking that helped to make London the financial centre and envy of the world. We have not only lost a great leader whom we all honoured and admired, we have lost a beloved head of the family who was a guide, philosopher and friend to all of us. Under his guidance the Bank has grown from strength to strength and it is a great satisfaction to us all that he was well enough before the end to see and approve the record figures which we are able to put before you today.

STERLING BALANCES

The activities of the Bank during the year under review have again been complicated by economic uncertainties outside our control. Last year the accumulated effect of several years of deficit in its budgets caused the United States to lose gold in considerable quantities. The uncertainty brought about by the drain of gold started a flight from the dollar in the autumn of last year, with a rise in the open market price of gold, and the resulting demand for sterling created a big increase in foreign balances in this country. These balances remained here until the revaluation of the German Mark at the beginning of March this year, but this revaluation prompted a new feeling of uncertainty in the stability of other currencies; this caused a flight from the pound sterling and many foreign-owned sterling balances were transferred abroad as fast as they had come in. By the nature of our business a large proportion of our deposits are for foreign account, so the Bank felt the immediate impact of this ebb and flow of funds.

This unnecessary transfer of funds from one country to another can only cause dislocation of business and I welcome the recent arrangements made by the European Central Banks to minimise this in the future.

SCANDINAVIAN SERVICE

Our Scandinavian Service, introduced last year, has been widely appreciated and the facilities we have granted within the Service continue to expand. This is a "package deal" aimed at simplifying the tasks of British businessmen who want to expand or develop their trade with the Scandinavian countries.

The Scandinavian Service fits into a broader policy which we have adopted in recent years, which is to get closer to the smaller and medium-sized manufacturers, of whom there are so many in this country, who can contribute so much to the country's export efforts.

Our Investment Advisory Service has been very active during the year and many more accounts have been opened. Experience has shown how wise it is for Trustees, Pension Funds, Charities and private investors to entrust the investment of their funds to experts who are in daily touch with the market and have knowledge of potential values.

Owing to the considerable increase in open market operations in gold and silver, Mocatta & Goldsmid Limited have had a very active year, and this has also contributed to a large increase in the operations of our Foreign Exchange Department.

RECORD FIGURES

Turning to the figures, I am glad to be able to report another satisfactory trading year, our profit showing an increase of £89,591 at £654,481. This increase reflects expansion in every department of our business. Deposits now stand at a record figure of £79,602,047, an increase of £6,333,876 during the year. At £20,407,185, as against £17,993,876 last year loans and advances have risen but they are still only 25.6% of deposits and the liquidity of the Bank in Cash and Bills of Exchange is over 71% of deposits, which we regard as very satisfactory. Our acceptances, despite a falling off in trade generally, have risen from £27,103,344 to £29,096,053. This rise however has taken place in the first quarter of this year and reflects the lower money rates ruling during that period.

LAIDLAW LINK

Since the end of our financial year we have taken an important step in regard to our business in the United States. We have become a limited partner in the old-established private banking firm of Laidlaw & Co. of New York. This firm, founded in 1842, is one of the two remaining Private Banks in the State of New York and, as such, enjoys a franchise to act as a Merchant Bank and Acceptance House as well as Brokers on the New York and other American and Canadian Stock Exchanges. For many years we have thought that, as an Acceptance House, we ought to be able to place at the disposal of our customers, facilities and acceptance credits in dollars as well as sterling and this link-up will, we hope, enable us to do so.

Since the 31st March the Government has announced an extension of E.C.G.D. facilities to cover risks on certain exports of capital goods up to ten years. This should be a great help to the heavy industries of this country, including shipbuilding, and we hope that, as a result, our Scandinavian shipping friends will again find it expedient to build ships in British yards. As always we are ready to assist them whenever possible.

an interest in the markets – a subject which led to the establishment of the Jenkins Committee:

> Lately we have found that, because of the great interest in securities by so many people, many of the people who up till now have been engaged in the crasser types of roguery have now in one way or another found themselves in the securities markets . .
>
> Unfortunately, in recent years, our investment banking fraternity has grown larger, and its ranks have been augmented by people with less experience and less scruples too.

It is difficult to believe that human nature differs very much between the two sides of the Atlantic.

Most interesting of all, perhaps, were the parenthetical remarks of these hard-boiled professional guardians of capitalism about the Every-Man-A-Capitalist philosophy which the Tories have been sedulously spreading over here for some years past.

> They argue [they being professional agitators at company meetings]: 'if we are to live under this capitalist system under which the shareholders own the company, then the shareholders should have an opportunity to express their views and to communicate freely with their fellow-shareholders'. Now I know that some people think that this is a relic of old and is best discarded, but this view is not held by all.

Or a bit more explicitly:

> As long as we operate within the philosophy that the managers are responsible to the shareholders – although in some respects that philosophy is taking on some fictional qualities – the rules, from the management point of view, are a relatively cheap safety-valve for letting off steam . . and a relatively inexpensive and harmless symbol of managerial subservience to shareholders.

And finally most explicitly of all:

> We like to pretend that companies are ultimately controlled by the shareholders. With the larger companies, that is more pretence than reality . . . I do not know the answer to it.

Nor do the politicians who are attempting to turn us into a nation of small speculators.

* * *

The building societies have finally put up their rates. The rot began when the Provincial, which only recently rejoined the Association, took its own independent decision. The argument that their working margins have been eroded by increased taxation has now been reinforced by a sharp drop in the inflow of funds. Local authorities, feeling the effects of the outrush of hot money, have been offering steadily better terms for short-term deposits. Derbyshire, this week, is offering bonds at a discount, the gross redemption yield on which is comfortably higher than the equivalent of the new rates which the Association is recommending.

Company News

Debenhams and *Daily Mail* remain active on bid rumours, diligently denied.

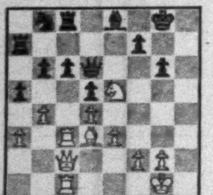
Lyons, about which the market was unreasonably optimistic, has reported lower profits and an unchanged dividend.

Colvilles' half-year profits are up from £7.9m to £8.2m.

Bowater is only the latest firm to refer gloomily to intense competition and shrinking profit margins.

The Chess Board

No. 604. Most Brilliant Combination



When asked about their best games ever or their most brilliant combinations grandmasters tend to be vague, after all, they do face quite an *embarras de richesse*. One more reason to take notice when a grandmaster of Kotov's standing points to one particular game (Kotov - Ragosin, 1949) as 'the most brilliant combination that ever came my way'. He gives a cogent reason too, suggesting that it must be a rare feat for a pawn to march all the way from d4 to a7 (and subsequent promotion), and all that in the face of three enemy pieces unable to stop it. Well, here it is, and what happened was 1) b5!, c5; 2) dc:!!, Qe5:; 3) cb:, Rc3:; 4) ba:!!, Rc2:; 5) Rc2:! etc. Somehow reminiscent of Schumov-Jänisch 1850: / r1b1q3 / ppp2k1p / 2ktpr1p1 / 3Q2B1 / 3p4 / 8/PPP2PPP/RKt3RK1/. 1) f4,Kg7; 2) f5,Re5; 3) f6 ch,Kh8; 4) f7,Kg7; 5) fe:Kt ch, Re8:; 6) Qf7 ch,Kh8; 7) Bf6 mate.

I took this from *Schachkompositionen* (Walter *Rau* Verlag, DM6.40), German translation (or rather condensation) of E. I. Umnov's **Russian** standard work. The subtitle 'A comparison of problem, study and game' explains the meaning of the booklet's 88 pages packed with very well selected and annotated material; and to elucidate it even better, here's the same idea expressed in each of the three forms dealt with by the author.

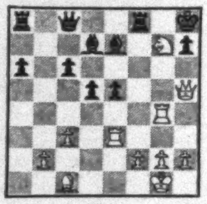
First a game position, Mikenas-Lebedev, 1941: /r1b1qrk1/1p3p2/p3pkt1p/2b1Kt1p1/8/2P1P1B1/P4PPP/1BRQ1RK1/.

1) f4!, Be3: ch 2): Kh1, Bc1:; 3) fg:, Bg5: 4) Rf6:!!, Kg7 (the B, of course, being taboo on account of the mating threat Qd3); 5) Qd3, h5 (forced); 6) h4!!, Kf6:; 7) Ktg4 ch, hg:; 8) Be5 ch!, Ke5:; 9) Qd4 mate.

Now see how Kubbel in a famous draw-study (*Ceskoslovensky Sach* 1925) forced clearance of b2 to catch the P. /16/Kt1Pkkt3/16/4B3/pPK5/8/. 1) Bc5 ch, Ke5 (best); 2) C7!, Ktc7:; 3) Bd4 ch!. Kd4:; 4) Ktc5!, Kc5:; 5) Bchecks; followed by Kb2.

Finally a 3-mover by S. S. Lewman (B.C.M. 1st and 2nd, 1932): /2ktb4/pr6/Kp4PKt/4k1P1/1Q3Kt2/pB6/1p3P2/1q3kt2). The key Pg7 vacates g6 for the threat of Ktg6 and f4; Black counters by . . . b5, thereby enabling White to sacrifice the Kt on d3, followed by f4.

A: A. Alekhine 1932



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White made so forceful a move as to cause his opponent's immediate resignation. How? For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins for White, both highly instructive and enjoyable studies. Usual prizes. Entries by 19 June.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1910: /8/3p4/P3p1Kt1/8/6k1/1b6/8/6K1.

C: V. & M. Platov 1923: /8/p6k/3P4/4p3/3p4/6r1/2P5/R6K/.

REPORT on No. 601. Set 19 May

A: Put K on f5 and P on a6 and mate by 1) ab:; 2) bc:(Kt).

B: 1) a3.e5; 2) Ktc3,Ba3:; 3) Kte4,Bf8; 4) Ra5,Ke7; 5) Re5: mate.

C: 1) Re8 ch,Ka7; 2) Qa6: ch,ba:; 3) Be4,Kb6; 4) Re7,Kb5; 5) Kt(a)c4. Kc4:; 6) Re5,a5; 7) Rh5,a4; 8) Rd5,ab: 9) ab: mate. Or 5) . . . a5; 6) Bb7,any; 7) Re5 ch,Kc4:(a4); 8) Rd5,ab: 9) ab: mate.

D: 1) Kf5!!,Qc1; 2) Rc3: ch,Bc3:; 3) Kte3 ch,Qe3:; 4) Qd1 ch, Kd1: mate.

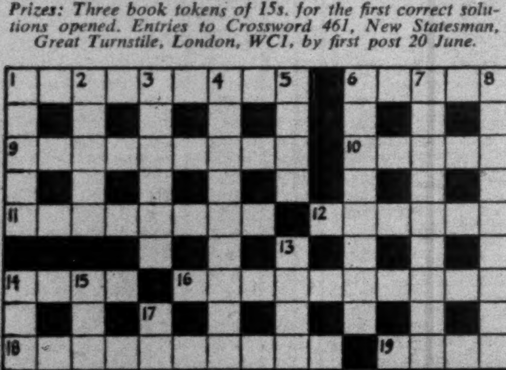
E: 1) Ktd6 ch,Kg5; 2) Th7:,d2; 3) Rd7,Kte3; 4) Ktf7 ch,Kf4; 5) Rd2:,Ktf1 ch; 6) Kg2,Ktd2:; 7) Kth6,g3; 8) Ktf5! etc. Or 3) . . . d8(Q); 4) Kte4 ch!,Kf4; 5) Rd1:,Ktd1:; 6) Ktf6,g3 ch; 7) Kg1!,Kf3; 8) Kth5,g2; 9) Ktf4! etc.

F: 1) Ra1!,Ra1:; 2) Rh4,Ktf7; 3) Rh8 ch,Kth8:; 4) fg:,Ktf7; 5) g8(Q or R) and mates.

Alternatives for **B** accepted. Prizes: G. Abrahams, R. C. Chaturvedi, G. Endfield, H. Garfath, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

Week-end Crossword 461

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 461, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 20 June.



ACROSS

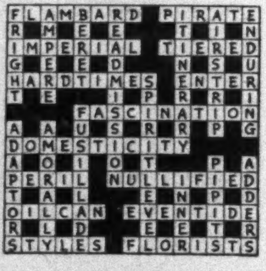
1. Support rises in preparations for the strike (9).
6. Caught by the incautious in an accident (5).
9. Meat mixed up with markets (9).
10. 'The whole social system is a system of Prince's ——', (Miss Mowcher) (5).
11. Now burnt to tan (8).
12. Lady from Rome or Venice (6).
14. Bring up what is often brought up (4).
16. Ruined as the god announced (10).
18. Brown seems to have been of international calibre (10).
19. Extremely light (4).
21. How the tin acted when open? (6).
22. The gift for putting party before country (8).
26. Making up as an oriental monarch (5).
27. Though getting worse again, the sicklier return and make merry (9).
28. Wise men measure time in seconds (5).
29. Military machines put roads out of shape (9).

DOWN

1. No minister rises to become a peer (5).
2. Heavenly body for me in bed (5).
3. The period for splendour (6).
4. Perceives where chaos is internal but does not use power (10).
5. Account for drink (4).
6. Not cross when identified as husband and wife (8).
7. Tries a lot when translating into Greek (9).
8. Farming makes us introduce prohibition among the hot and thirsty (9).
13. Not eat one's hat as a cricketer (4, 6).
14. Knight goes up, embracing the great tennis player, and bounds back (9).
15. Adding a very quiet finale (9).
17. Epitomises a poet (8).
20. Wristy motoring friend (6).
23. He was bound to turn for ever (5).
24. Drink for a king (5).
25. Portray the room upside down (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 459



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W. F. Main (*Edinburgh*)
Miss Hazel Douglas (*SW6*)
B. Taylor (*Northolt*)

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cost 6s. per line (average six words). minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Department of Social Studies

Applications are invited for appointment to either one or two posts as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Sociology in the Department of Social Studies, at salaries on the scale £1,050 x £50 – £1,400 x £75 – £1,850 (efficiency bar at £1,550) a year for a Lecturer, or within the range £800-£950 for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications and experience. For one post preference will be given to candidates interested in empirical work in the study of modern industrial societies. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, not later than 20 June 1961.

OXFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE TECHNICAL COLLEGE, HENLEY-ON-THAMES

Principal: D. K. Pitt, B.Sc.

Second Advertisement

Applications are invited for a lively, energetic man or woman with good organising ability to take charge of a small Art Centre within the College, and to develop it as a centre of influence in the appreciation and practice of the Arts in the area it serves, and art and craft activities as leisure-time pursuits.

The post will be half time and should attract someone requiring time for professional work of their own.

The salary will be on the scale £350-£575 plus additions for degree and training. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the undersigned. Applications to be forwarded to the Principal at the College, Gravel Hill, Henley-on-Thames within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

A. R. CHORLTON
Director of Education.
County Offices,
Oxford.

NEWCASTLE GENERAL HOSPITAL DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE

CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

Psychologist (whole-time) required for the above department, which is associated with King's College Medical School, University of Durham and is part of the Professorial Unit of Psychological Medicine. The post is in the basic grade and the appointment may be made either on the probationary or post-probationary scale according to the status of the successful candidate.

Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Scale.

Applications, together with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 4, from whom any further information can be obtained.

ST JOHN'S AND MANOR HOUSE HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

St John's Hospital, Stone, Nr Aylesbury, Bucks

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER

Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a psychiatric hospital with 865 beds and an extensive out-patient service. Candidates must hold a certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers.

This post offers excellent opportunities for newly qualified Social Workers to gain experience. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council scales. Applications, with two names for reference, to the Physician Superintendent.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER, full-time (part-time considered) required for clinics of the Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service. Own car or loan of clinic car. Whitley Council salary and conditions.

Applications to Medical Director, Orchard Gates, Hill End, St Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

EXPERIMENTAL Youth Project (not clubs). One man and one woman required in London. Salary £800 p.a. for qualified social workers. Details available to suitable applicants from Box 3549.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited for a new post of Senior Prison Welfare Officer at HM Prison, Stafford. Candidates should possess a Social Science qualification and extensive experience of social work. Salary (as for Senior Probation Officer) £1,075 with four annual increments to £1,195.

Seniority is transferable from the Probation Service and pension rights from Civil Service and Local Authority schemes are preserved.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 30 June) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Sq., London.

WELFARE OFFICERS

The Royal London Discharged Prisoners Aid Society has two vacancies for experienced Welfare Officers preferably between 30-40 years of age.

The work is concerned with the after-care of ex-prisoners and the welfare of their families.

Salary according to age/experience from a minimum of £785 per annum.

H. C. Bennett, Secretary,
56 Stamford Street, SE1.

RAMPTON HOSPITAL, RETFORD, NOTTS

(Special Hospital for Mentally Subnormal Patients).

WHOLETIME SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST. Considerable scope for research. Close association with University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology), with facilities to register for Ph.D. Further information from Medical Superintendent. Modern house or quarters available.

NHS Conditions and Superannuation applicable.

Salary: £1,025-£1,425 plus £65 allowance.

Candidates may visit hospital by appointment. Applications, giving full particulars of qualifications and experience and naming three referees, to Medical Superintendent not later than 12 June 1961.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Senior Child Care Officers

Applications are invited for two posts of Senior Child Care Officer, APT III £960-£1,140, one in Dagenham and one in south Essex. Candidates should have professional training and good experience in child care, and should be capable of taking charge of a local office, supervising the work of less experienced staff, and undertaking a reasonable case load themselves. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford, not later than 26 June.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF ROCHDALE

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

CHILD CARE OFFICER required. Duties include cross-section of Children's Department functions with scope for preventative and re-habilitation work. Salary Scale £665 to £975, according to qualifications and experience. Permanent position, superannuable. Preference for those with University qualifications in Child Care or Social Science and/or experience. Application forms and further particulars from The Children's Officer, 2 Blackwater Street, Rochdale.

EAST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications invited from married couples as HOUSEPARENTS at a home for nine school age children in Hailsham, near Eastbourne.

Housemother's salary £475-£600 plus £60 responsibility payment, less £120 for board residence, husband to follow normal employment with free board and lodging for some evening and weekend assistance.

Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination. Full time resident assistant employed.

Application forms and particulars (s.a.e.) from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, returnable within fourteen days of this advertisement.

ASSISTANT Editors. Appointments to be made on several technical periodicals. Knowledge of building, hotels, engineering or packaging an advantage, but main requirements are magazine experience, competence in fact-finding in an industrial field and ability to write good copy on technical developments. Prospects of promotion are good. Write AEB, The National Trade Press Ltd, Drury House, Russell Street, London, WC2.

EDITOR FOR NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL WEEKLY

Applications are invited for the post of Editor of 'The Schoolmaster and Woman Teacher's Chronicle', official journal of the National Union of Teachers. Good journalistic experience essential. Knowledge of modern educational ideas and practice desirable. Sales of the journal are through the distributing trade.

The Editor will be expected to work under the general direction of the Head of the Publicity and Public Relations Department of the National Union of Teachers. Salary up to £2,000 per annum according to experience. Contributory superannuation scheme.

Applications with full particulars of age, experience, etc., endorsed 'Editor', should be sent to the Secretary, The Schoolmaster Publishing Company Ltd, Hamilton House, Hastings Street, London, WC1, not later than 21 June.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL PRIVATE SECRETARY

Applications are invited from experienced shorthand- or palan-typists for the appointment of a personal assistant to the Registrar of the veterinary profession in work concerned with parliamentary, university, legal and professional matters. Present salary scale to maximum of £950 (under review). Contributory superannuation scheme and luncheon vouchers. Further details and application form may be obtained by writing to the Registrar, Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, College House, 29/31 Wright's Lane, Kensington, W8.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA,

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY – posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

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FLE. 5919.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Professor of Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should hold a higher degree, preferably a Doctorate, and have carried out research in the field of Philosophy. The Professor will be responsible for the organisation and management of the University Department of Philosophy. Salary £A4,000 p.a. The successful applicant will enjoy the privileges of an FSSU type superannuation, study leave, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1. Applicns close, in Australia and London, on 15 July 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two posts at the grades of Lecturer and Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Drama which has been recently established in the Faculty of Arts. Preference will be given to candidates with practical as well as academic training in theatre and its allied arts. Duties to commence on 1 October 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Salary scales: Lecturer, £1,050 to £1,850 per annum; Assistant Lecturer, £800 to £950 per annum; initial salary (at Lecturer grade) and status according to qualifications and experience. Applications must be sent not later than 17 June 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics and forms of appln may be obtained.

MATHEMATICS and Science Teacher required for Autumn term 1961. Apply Sec., Burgess Hill School, High Canons, Well End, Nr Barnet, Herts. ELStree 5560.

LEADER wanted in September for Bethnal Green Youth Club. Experience essential. Particulars from Hon. Secretary, 21 Old Ford Road, London, E2.

DISPLAY artist wanted, a genius, art training helpful, youth an asset, imagination and inventive flair for making silk purses from sows' ears essential, for creative display by Simpson (Piccadilly) Limited. Please apply Personnel Manager, 34 Jermyn Street, SW1, or telephone REGent 5172.

AUSTRALIAN National University. Institute of Advanced Studies. Department of Social Philosophy. The University proposes to make three appointments in the Department of Social Philosophy (Head of Department: Professor P. H. Partridge. Professor of Philosophy: Professor J. A. Passmore). It is expected that one appointment will be made at the Senior Fellow level and two at the level of Research Fellow. Applicants for the Senior Fellowship should have a special interest in Political or Social Philosophy; applicants for the Research Fellowships may specialise in any branch of philosophy. The salary ranges are: Senior Fellow £A3,000-£A3,550; Research Fellow £A1,625-£A2,450. Superannuation is on the FSSU pattern. Reasonable travel expenses are paid and assistance with housing is provided. A summary of conditions of appointment and further information on the Department can be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 3 July 1961.

UNITED Kingdom Technical Assistance. The Commonwealth Relations Office invites applications for posts of Lecturers in (1) Accountancy, (2) Secretaryship at the Training Centre at Patoling Jaya, 5 miles from Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. Applicants should be (1) a Chartered Accountant or a member of the Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants, with tutorial experience capable of lecturing up to the standard required for final professional examinations, (2) a Chartered Secretary capable of lecturing up to the standard required for Part II of the examination of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries. Age limits 30 to 45 years. Duration: Three years. Salaries for both posts £2,250 plus Tax Free Allowance of £1,600 (married) and £900 (single). All emoluments are paid by the UK Government. UK superannuation position will be preserved during tour of duty. For further details of the post and other financial conditions write to Ministry of Labour (E9), 26-28 King Street, London, SW1, quoting E9/TCS/MAL(1) 913, (2) 924.

MONASH University, Clayton, Victoria, Australia. Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for appointment to a Lectureship in Philosophy the level of the appointment being determined by the successful candidate's qualifications. The policy of the Department of Philosophy is to provide both a background knowledge of the history of philosophy and a training in current developments and techniques. Applications will, accordingly, be considered from applicants interested in any branch of philosophy. The successful applicant will be encouraged to pursue his individual research interests, and teaching duties will, as far as possible, be allotted with these in mind. Applicants are requested to provide copies of some of their original work either published or unpublished, especially where their publications are not easily accessible. The Department has both undergraduate and graduate students. There are adequate library facilities. Salary Scale: £A1,660/100/2,360; with provision for superannuation on the FSSU basis. Appointment may be made at any point within the range according to qualifications and experience. Full information on application procedure, conditions of appointment, superannuation, travel and removal allowances, study leave and housing is available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 or the Registrar of the University. Closing date: Applications close with the Registrar of the University on 30 June 1961. An applicant resident elsewhere than in Australia or New Zealand should also send one copy of his application to the Secretary, AUBC, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 to reach him by the same date.

THE University of Manchester Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Russian Studies Candidates should have special interests and qualifications in Russian Literature Salary scale £800 to £950 per annum, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme Applications should be sent not later than 17 June 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd, Education Department Applications are invited for appointment of Officer for Member Education (including Youth Work). With the aid of a specialist staff, the post will cover the direct services of the Department and help to local societies in social and Co-operative studies, consumer education, recreational forms of adult education, and youth work. Salary in a scale £1,050 to £1,150: commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application forms and further details from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be returned by 17 June 1961.

TUTORS in English for Scandinavian students reqd early July for 3/4 weeks in Oxford & Wales. Agreeable working holiday for suitable persons. Graduates pref. £8 p.w. plus board & lodging. Box 3588.

MATRON reqd Sept. for girls boarding school. Salcombe, S Devon. New post. Suit active person. £400 p.a. Arnold-Brown, Higher Dunsaller, Thorverton, Exeter.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle upon Tyne. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for a Trainee Psychiatric Social Worker in this Department, which consists of an Out-Patient Clinic in the teaching hospital and a self-contained In-Patient and day hospital unit. There are associated Out-Patient, In-Patient and Child Psychiatry units at the Newcastle General Hospital. The post offers a good opportunity for practical experience which would be of value to anyone wishing to proceed to further training. Candidates should be at least 22 years of age and should hold a Degree with a Postgraduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate. The appointment will be for a period of one year from 1 October 1961. Salary £500 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the Professor of Psychological Medicine, Royal Victoria Infirmary, to whom three copies of application, which should include the names of two referees, should be submitted as soon as possible.

KING'S College Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Department of Psychological Medicine to work with adults and some adolescents. The establishment is for two Psychiatric Social Workers. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised course of training. Further information can be obtained from Miss Wood, BRIxton 6222, Ext. 157. Salary and conditions of service according to Whitley Council Agreement. The commencing salary will be dependent upon experience and qualifications. Applications stating age and qualifications and giving full details of experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned. J. D. Banks, House Governor.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd in September, at Kingsbury Child Guidance Centre, Church Lane, NW9. PTA quals & salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Borough Education Officer, 65 Forty Ave, Wembley, returnable by 30 June. (Quote G.423 NS&N)

CLAYBURY Hospital, Woodford Bridge, Woodford Green, Essex. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker (trained or untrained) to organise arrangements for patients' holidays and outings. Salary scale: £600 at age 27, rising to maximum of £920, plus London Weighting. Applications to be made to the Physician Superintendent, as soon as possible, with names and addresses of two referees.

CHILDREN'S Worker required by Bernhard Baron St George's Jewish Settlement, to take charge of afternoon Playcentre and assist in neighbourhood work. Salary £350 p.a. plus residence, or by arrangement if non-resident. Experience of group or social work essential. Applications to Deputy Warden, 33 Berner St, E1.

CALDECOTT Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker (woman) in the Community. This is a new appointment offering excellent opportunities for a qualified woman to gain valuable experience in a large Residential Community for children deprived of normal home life, many of whom present behaviour problems. Candidates should be between the ages of 25-35 years; hold a Social Science diploma, or a diploma in Youth Service or other recognised qualifications; they should have experience of case-work and first hand knowledge of children and young people. The successful applicant will assist the Hon. Directors of the Community in their relations to parents or County authorities responsible for children. She may also be asked to assist in After Care work with those who have left the Community. She will be responsible for all files and records. Salary £500 (with residence). Further particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Director, Miss Rendel, at the above address.

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. (Independent Boarding School for boys aged 11-18). Required in September, State Registered Nurse to take charge of sanatorium. Independent resident accommodation available through holidays. Interesting post in pleasant surroundings. When applying for details please send outline of experience etc. Headmaster, Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

ASST Matron (young) reqd immediately until end August, Boys' school. Write fully Headmaster, Tavistock Hall, Heathfield, Sussex.

THE Working Men's College invites applications for part-time teaching of Mathematics (GCE 'A' Level): English Literature ('A' Level) French ('O' and 'A' Level) 'A' Level 53s. per two hour evening session: 'O' Level 34s. per one and a half hour evening session. Courses start 25 September. Applications in writing to College Secretary, Crowndale Road, NW1.

PART-time tutors in English required for Continental students. 15 hours weekly. Mornings. Denmark Hill, SE5 area. £4 14s. 6d. per week. Box 3438.

ARCHITECTURAL Assistant needed to help W. E. Cousins & Associates, a group of architects with work of an interesting and varied character. Tel. HAM. 8226.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Producer/Programme Assistant, School Broadcasting (Sound) to handle broadcasts for children of low intelligence. Qualifications: lively and creative interest in what sound broadcasting can do for backward children, based on practical experience of their abilities. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms and further particulars (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.251. N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THEATRE Manager – male or female – required for Little Theatre, Leicester, from 1 September. This amateur repertory Theatre is owned and run by the Leicester Drama Society who present a play for one week in each month. At other times, the Theatre is let to amateur Operatic societies. Duties would consist of day-to-day administration of the Theatre and Clubrooms (including lettings), control of the box-office, co-ordination of membership activities and supervision of the small permanent staff. Experience of production would be an advantage but is not essential. Applications will be considered early in July and short-listed candidates will be asked to attend an interview. Letters giving details of any past experience and salary required should be marked 'Appointment' and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Little Theatre, Dover Street, Leicester.

CREATIVE opportunity for young technical authors/editors with 1st or 2nd hons degree scientific or engineering quals and practical industrial exp. DSIR requires at its London Headquarters Scientific Officer/Senior Scientific Officers to write, commission and edit a series of attractive, high-quality publications interpreting knowledge gained from scientific and industrial research for non-technical people in industry. Ability to perceive the salient features of new technical developments and to describe them clearly and persuasively is most important. Interest in experimenting with visual presentation would be an advantage. Opportunities for establishment with non-contributory pension whilst under age 31. Interim salary range: SO £793-£1,282; SSO (at least 3 years post graduate exp.) £1,402-£1,719. Applications to Secretary, HQ.2.S., Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, 5-11 Regent Street, London, SW1.

ARE you a dynamic teacher of English to foreigners? If so, phone GRO. 6510 and ask for the Director of Studies.

YOUNG man or woman for preparation of copy and layouts in advertising department of specialist publishing group. Experience desirable. LVs. Modern offices, Cent. Salary according to exper. Box 3551.

GANYMED Press require secretary, shorthand not necessary; apply in writing to 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

SECRETARY, 25/35, for Aircraft Co., W1. Salary £700 + LV's. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

COUNCIL for Nature seeks Secretary/shorthand typist for membership campaign. Small informal office. 9.30-5.0. No Sats. 1961 holiday arrangements honoured. 41 Queen's Gate, SW7. KNI. 0307.

CHARTERED Accountants (West End) invite a well educated young lady, seeking an interesting career, to join their firm as a personal taxation assistant. Previous experience is not essential. Box 3550.

SHORTHAND-Typist for National Marriage Guidance Council. Interesting work in friendly office. Hrs 9-5, no Sats. Three weeks holiday. Sal. £10 10s. p.w. Applicns to Office Secretary, 58 Queen Anne St, W1.

EXPERIENCED Personal Secretary (female) required for a Senior Liberal Jewish Minister. 5-day week, congenial conditions. Apply Secretary, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. CUN. 5181.

SHORTHAND-typists: Temporary, 10-5 p.m. 11 gns. MUSeum 6858.

TEMPORARY Secretary for prof. organisation. Good hours & salary. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0677.

IF you were not invited to York Minster, you are invited to tea, a chat, and a job with Winifred Johnson (Office Staff Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1, next door to Gamages. HOL. 0390.

A WIDE choice of interesting posts from Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

WANTED. Woman/girl assist generally, waiting, etc., soon as poss. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr Sevenoaks, Kent.

APPOINTMENT WANTED

GENERAL Manager (tech. background) of motor component manufacturing business in Midlands, age 43, requires similar position on or near South Coast. Box 3481.

FOOD AND DRINK

FOR the Epicure – 'Captain Garry' Special Quality Scotch Whisky is now available (in restricted supply), at 45s. per bottle or £24 per case, carriage paid, only from Cockburn & Murray (estd 1863), 21 Castle St, Edinburgh. Cash w. order please.

PERSONAL

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for details and lessons 1 and 2.

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MOTHER with son aged 7 seeks another similarly placed to share flat (on two floors) NW London. Phone PRI. 3070.

SULTAN, aged two this week, seeks position as Sole Dog in country home (near Henley-on-Thames preferred). Cats permitted. Modest minimum requirements: large bed or couch (sheets and pillows not essential as smooth-haired St Bernards are hardy), 3¼ lbs raw meat and short walk daily, unlimited love which will be returned with interest. Box 3623.

KING Kong Penny Whistler Lemmy (Special) Mabaso would like to learn the Clarinet. A Clarinet in good condition would be gratefully received and should be forwarded to the Cast's Manager, Meshak Mosia, New Court Hotel, W2.

REMOTE cottage in Snowdonia. Well furnished, mod. cons; single owner, often away, would share or lease. Box 3512.

PLUTOCRAT, no longer bloated, wants to sell pastel mink stole, opulent, immaculate, anonymous. £199. Box 3449.

AMATEUR Music Group invites players – quartets etc. HAM. 8109 evgs/wkends.

PAINTING and Art Appreciation. Studio overlooking unspoilt Sennen Cove specialises in inexpensive 7-day courses for beginners. Details K. L. Moss, 'Pendare', Escalls, Sennen, Cornwall.

TEACHERS & Parents Sensory Nexus: 30 June weekend at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Painting & Sketching'.

WORLD-wide correspondence to exchange political views/stamps. Write A. Peachey, P.O. Box 14, London, NW2.

MOROCCO – cheap trip offered by young man to another who will be sole travel companion, four weeks September, ability speak French and drive car advantage but not essential. Box 3362.

FLORENTINE Univ. stud. aged 19 (m.), desiring to perfect English, sks English family in London with a boy of sim. age. Willing to teach Italian if reqd. Box 3409.

WYE Valley. Hol. flat, mod. cons. Sleeps 4. 10 gns wk. Details s.a.e. Box 3432.

ASPIRING Rodgers seeks his Hammerstein. Please write Box 3361.

NORWICH Humanists wishing to meet others should contact 10 Gildencroft.

LGE Ducklings ready to roast 24s. p.f. Eyre, Trelawder, St Minver, Cornwall.

TO let: delightful furn. wk-end country flat nr Canterbury or share with student in week. Possibly full possession in vacation. Box 3351.

IMPECUNIOUS but Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

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HUMANISTS accept the brotherhood of all men, reject the idea of the supernatural; work for better human conditions. Write Ethical Union (Pres. Sir Julian Huxley). 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

CHILDREN in our hands, hungry, lost, frightened. They have eaten earth and grass. From hiding in caves they are now being nourished, sheltered and educated in two orphanages near Tunis. We need £9,000 a year to maintain 140 boys and 60 girls, Algerian Refugee children. Please support this work of mercy and send to: Rt Hon. James Griffiths, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, London, W5. Gifts of old jewellery greatly help.

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PERSONAL—continued

IGNORANCE sentences epileptics to unemployment, unhappiness, loneliness. Today medicine can control epilepsy. But the public attitude towards sufferers remains mediaeval. To know what epilepsy really is, and how your voice can change the future, send for free booklet. The British Epilepsy Association, Dept NS6, 27 Nassau Street, London, W1.

STUDENTS' Welfare. Doctor's widow, Engl. educated, Asian, sks post welfare/reception in organisation dealing with Overseas students. Good refs. Box 3585.

THE Direct Action Committee urges all Holy Loch demonstrators who were arrested and charged at Whitsun to come to a meeting at 93 Oakley Street, SW3 on Sunday, 11 June, at 3 p.m. Possible help with travelling expenses. Whether or not you come to meeting please contact the DA office urgently. 344 Seven Sisters Road, London, N4. STA. 7062.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

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PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

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THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.940

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Richard Wollheim on 'Socialism & Culture'. Wed. 14 June, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

ALL Faiths Service, Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, London, NW8, Tuesday, 20 June, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Canon Edward Carpenter, Rabbi L. I. Edgar, Christmas Humphreys, QC, Hon. Lily Montagu, S. Muhammad Tufail. Organised by World Congress of Faiths. PADdington 9820.

THE Art Workers Guild, 6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, WC1. Open Meeting, Wednesday, 14 June 1961 at 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m. 'Book-Binding Revisited'. Talk and demonstration by Roger Powell and Peter Waters. Visitors welcome. No tkts. Rfrmnts.

ONE Fortnight for Peace, 18 June-2 July. Open House at 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. Weekdays only from 7 p.m. Films 26, 27, 28 June. Exhibition; Discussion; Questions on 'Free the World from War'. EUS. 5501 for Programme Pacifist Fortnight Campaign.

INTERNATIONAL Arts Festival in Esperanto: Harrogate, August 1961. British Esperanto Association, 140 Holland Park Avenue, W11.

'ONCE Upon A Time' – a musical diversion. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, London, W1. Wed., 14 June at 8 p.m.

PROGRESSIVE League; for details of lectures and meetings in June, send s.a.e. to Pope, 45 Claremont Road, E7.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue. Paul Derrick and Eric Messer on 'Should the Left review its priorities?', Thurs. 15 June, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 14 June, 6.30 p.m. 'Buddhist Acceptance', Mrs Ruth Walshe. Also Saturday, 17 June, 3 p.m., Children's Class. Library of over 4,000 books, classes in Buddhism & instruction in meditation free to Members. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 11 June. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. J. Allen Skinner: 'Problems for Pacifists'.

DR Maurice Burton, FZS, on Modern Man and the Animal Kingdom. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. 11 a.m. Sun. 11 June.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 11 June, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Man's Place in Nature': H. J. Blackham.

ILP Forum. Eliz. Piratin opens discn on 'Whither Cuba?'. Friends House, Euston Road, Tues. 13 June, 7.30 sharp.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Clara Urquhart: 'Schweitzer of Lambarene'. 8.30, Fri. 16 June, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

WIMBLEDON CLP. Sylvia Wynter on Cuba. 13 June, 8. 267 Broadway, SW19.

'THE Gnosis Through the Ages'. Public lecture. 11 June, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival Lectures and demonstrations daily London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square SW1 BEL 3351

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE University of Manchester. The University of Manchester will introduce in October 1961 a one year course leading to a Diploma in Youth Work. The course is designed for graduates, but applications may in exceptional circumstances, be considered from others with good educational qualifications and practical experience of work with young people. Applications are invited from students wishing to take this course. Further details can be obtained from the Registrar, University of Manchester, Manchester, 13. All applications must be received before 17 June 1961.

RESIDENTIAL courses. The Civil War in Somerset. 14/16 July. Fee £3 7s. Colour Photography. 21/28 July. Fee £12. Modern Music – Mahler to Webern. 28 August-1 September. Fee £7 14s. Held in the Somerset Education Committee's College for Adult Education. Details from The Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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BIBLE Study: Correspondence Course. Free on application to: Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith St, West Bromwich.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

LANSDOWNE Secretarial Centre. Enrolments are now being taken at this new secretarial training centre, opening in September, which offers new courses and a new individual approach to learning. Courses for beginners of all ages include: Shorthand/Clerical typist; Secretary – general and specialist for the professions; a Finishing School Course. For those with some previous experience: Refresher Course, Promotion Course, Office Supervisors Course. Syllabuses provide for tuition in: speedhand/shorthand or stenotyping; typing, audio-typing; office procedure and clerical method, elementary statistics, languages. Details from 94 Mount St, Mayfair, London, W1.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

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FABIAN Family Summer School. St David's College, Lampeter, 29 July-4 August. Socialism and Social Values. Director: W. T. Rodgers. 5-11 August. Social Democracy and Society. Director: George Thomson, MP. Lecturers to include: C. A. R. Crosland, MP, Lionel Elvin, John Greve, Alan Lovell, Dennis Potter, Bernard Williams, Shirley Williams, Richard Wollheim. Full detls from: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. (WHI. 3077).

HOLIDAY Drama Schools. Several 7-day Courses. One Evening Course. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, & Studio Theatre, Kensington. Director: Marian Naylor £9 9s. & £6 6s. Syllabus: Mrs W. Patterson, 6 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, SW13. Tel WIM 2161

RUSSIAN Summer School: 3-weeks tuition Moscow from 15 July; hostel accom., excursions. £46. Limited numbers. Minimum qualification 'A' level GCE or equivalent. Details from: SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. (WEStern 1572).

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961 Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed Book for week, fortnight or longer Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is the new edition of 'The Good Food Guide' 1961/62, edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers. 'Postgate is incorruptible. It is now possible to go round Britain on his back' – John Freeman, 'New Statesman'

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(behind Mappin & Webbs)
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Admission by programme 5s. from James Gunning, 19 Hyde Park Gdns Mews, W2.

TOWER THEATRE
Canonbury Place, N1.
Alun Owen's
THE ROUGH AND READY LOT
9, 10 (Mems 11 at 7 p.m.), 14, 15, 16, 17 June at 7.30
Bookings: CAN. 3475 (9-6), CAN. 5111 (6-8.30).

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0, S. 5.0, 8.0. Thur. 2.30. 'Three Posts on the Square'. Mems.

QUESTORS Theatre, EALing 5184. 3-20 June. A Festival of New Plays. 'A Quiet Clap of Thunder' by Peter Philp; 'The Courtyard' by Antony Brown; 'The South African' by Jim Latan. After show discussions led by well-known actors, producers, critics. Evgs. 7.30. Mat. 11 June at 3 p.m. Members.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745, 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Thurs 2.30. 'The Blacks' by Genet.

STRAND. TEM. 2660. 20 June (7.0) until 15 July, evgs 7.30, Thur., Sat. 2.30. Jeremy Brett in 'Hamlet'.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8, St 5, 8. 'Waiting for Godot'. 'The summit of 20th century drama': Sunday Times.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. British première Bertolt Brecht's 'Visions of Simone Machard'. Music Eisler. Trans A. Hinchliffe. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems. 'Splendidly effective piece of Theatre' – Times.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'The Crucible' by Arthur Miller. 2.30 & 7.30, 14 June. 'Don Juan' by James Elroy Flecker. 2.30 & 7.30, 15, 16 June. Adm. free.

CONCERTS

RECENT American Recordings (II): William Schuman: 'Judith' – a choreographic poem for orchestra. Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney, conductor. David Diamond: 'Symphony No. 4'. New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, conductor. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 15 June, 12.30 p.m. Adm. free.

THE New York Philharmonic Orchestra (recorded): Overture 'La Scala di Seta', Rossini; 'Dialogues for Piano and String Orchestra', Morton Gould; Three Excerpts from 'The Damnation of Faust', Berlioz. Conductor: Paul Paray. Pianist: Morton Gould. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 13 June, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

CONCERTS—continued

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
President: Yehudi Menuhin

(1) Weekly (Thursdays) Lecture-Recitals on Asian Music and Dances, at 7 p.m. at 38 Russell Sq., WC1 – 15 June, Music of the Tamiar (Malaya), Jack P. B. Dobbs, Lecturer in Music, Inst. of Education. Admission 2s. 6d.

(2) Lecture-Demonstrations on Yoga by B. K. S. Iyengar, Yoga Teacher of Yehudi Menuhin: (a) Thurs. 22 June at 7 p.m. at 38 Russell Sq., WC1; (b) Sun. 2 July at 11.30 a.m. at Everyman Cinema, NW3 (nr Hampstead Tube Stn); (c) Wed. 5 July at 7.30 p.m. at Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1.

Mr Iyengar will be in England only for three weeks, and will give private lessons to selected students.

(3) Detailed information re. Membership, Main Concerts, & Seminars from The Director, AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N3. (Tel.: FINchley 2934).

RECITAL of Contemporary German Music, The Canisius Wind Ensemble, London, Conductor: Claus Canisius. Works by Hindemith, Henze and Stockhausen (Zeitmasse). At the German Institute, 51 Princes Gate (Exhibition Road), SW7, on Thurs., 15 June 1961, at 8 p.m. Adm. free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE
COMING OF
TALKIES
The Jazz Singer, Hell's Angels,
The Singing Fool.
Membership details:
NATIONAL FILM THEATRE
WAT. 3232/33

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Spirit of the Dance' (U). Prog. of dance films.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 18 June: D. W. Griffith's 'The Birth of a Nation' (U). Unabridged.

RUSSIAN programme at Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1. English Students of Russian present Excerpts of Russian Classics, Russian Songs, Russian Dances, Sunday, 25 June 1961, at 6 p.m. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Gallery. A choice of modern and impressionist pictures: Lowry, Dufy, Van Gogh, on sale at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Catalogue 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. William Copley – Paintings. Until 1 July. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. ICA Library: Milka Kukoc – drawings. Until 17 June.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Gwen John (1876-1939): Paintings and Drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 8 July. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

NEW Paintings by David Kwok, Exhibition on the ground floor at Heal's, 6-24 June, 196 Tottenham Court Road, Ldn, W1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. June Exhibitions: New paintings by Calliyannis and Inlander. Water-colours by Ray Howard-Jones. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. English and French Engravings of the 18th and 19th Centuries. 9.30-5.30, Saturdays 9.30-1.0.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1 (HYD. 6195). Jackson Pollock. Admission 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Till 24 June.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. William Scott – Recent Paintings Until 17 June. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ANTIQUARIAN Book Fair, 14-21 June. National Book League. 7 Albemarle Street, W1. ABA members display rare books, mss, all prices. Mon.-Fri. 11-6.30; Thur. 11-8; Sat. 11-5. Admission free.

CONTEMPORARY British prints: our exhibition organised by Finsbury Art Group by courtesy of St George's Gallery. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave). Mon. 12 June to Sat. 24 June. Open Mon.-Fri. 10-8; Sats 10-5. Closed Sundays. Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Australian Painting 1961. 3 June-23 July. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Original Lithographs by 27 Leningrad Artists. Exhibition extended until 17 June. Daily 10-6, Sats 9.30-1.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E2. – Exhibition 'The Rural Craftsman': woodwork, furniture, pottery, leatherwork, basketry and metalwork. 10 June to 9 July.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Summer Selection Boyd, Bratby, Chapman, Coker, Greaves, Piper, Weight, etc. Until 20 June.

EMBROIDERERS' Guild 1961 Exhibition of Embroidery. RWS Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, W1. 10-5. Sat. 10-1. Adm. 2s. 6d. Weds & Thurs 10-7 (2s. after 5). 31 May-24 June.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Marcoussis. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Terry Frost. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

MARLBOROUGH – New London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12: Moholy-Nagy: Paintings, Collages: 1914-1946. Closes 15 June.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings, Isobel Heath, Kenneth Gee, Nina Hosali. 29 May to 17 June 1961. Dly 10-6, Sats 10-1.

COLLECTORS' Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11. Reginald Gray: First London Exhibition. 11-8 daily, including Saturdays.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 17 June: Sculptures by Arnould, Paintings by Foujino & Schmer.

MOLTON Gallery. Paul Klee: Oils, gouaches, drawings. 20 June-15 July. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

CANALETTO Gallery. Paintings by Gordon Davey. 7-27 June. Dly 11-6, Thurs. till 9. Blomfield Road, Little Venice, W9.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Queenswood artists. 10-5.30. Thursday 10-1. Saturday 10-7.

HAMPSTEAD Watercolours by Arrobus at High Hill Gallery, 4 High St, NW3. 30 May-24 June. 9.30-5.30, Thurs. 9.30-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

The Third
JONATHAN DAVIS
Memorial Lecture
King Alfred School, North End Road, NW11 on Sunday, 18 June 1961 at 8 p.m. prompt: doors closed 7.55 p.m.
'CHOPIN: THE MAN AND THE ARTIST'
A Lecture by Mr Arthur Hedley with Musical Illustrations by Natalia Karp.
Admission Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—contd

ANGOLA'S AGONY

A PROTEST MEETING
FRIDAY, 16 JUNE
at 7.30 p.m.
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER.
Rev. C. J. Parsons (formerly Baptist Missionary in Angola)
Basil Davidson, Manuela Sykes, Senhora Sacuntala de Miranda, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Barbara Castle, MP, Derick Mirfin.
Organised by Council for Freedom in Portugal and its Colonies, 374 Grays Inn Road, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Professor Waddington of Edinburgh University talks on 'The Two Faces of Science'. Chairman: Peter Reyner Banham. Thursday 15 June at 8.15 p.m. Members 2s., non-members 3s. 6d.

INSTITUTE of Jewish Studies. 14 June. Professor G. G. Scholem of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem on 'Buber's Interpretation of Hasidism'. Chairman: Professor E. Gombrich of the Warburg Institute, London. Gustav Tuck Theatre, University College, Gower St, London, WC1. 5.30 p.m.

FABIAN garden meeting in Wimbledon (9 Hunter Road, SW20). Sat. 17 June, 2.30-7.30. Dick Taverne: Britain & Europe. John Millwood: New look for the Co-op. 2s. 6d. including tea.

SCENES from American History (continued): The Great War – The era of World War 1 is reconstructed from film footage of the period. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook St ent., Thurs., 15 June, 6.30 p.m. and 7.45 p.m. Free.

HALDANE Society Conference: Accidents to Young People in Industry. Chairman: Lord Chorley. LSE, Saturday, 10 June 1961, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. All welcome.

BRAINS Trust & Social. Julius Silverman, MP (just returned from Israel), David Weitzman, QC, MP, Sidney Goldberg, Pol. Secy, Poale Zion, will answer your questions. Chairman: Cllr J. Cox, JP, Mayor of Stoke Newington. Sun., 11 June, 3.30 p.m. at Stoke Newington Mayor's Gallery, Town Hall, Church St, N16. Refreshments will be served. Arranged by Stoke Newington Poale Zion and Pioneer Women. Admission free. All welcome.

HURRY—book now for England's largest-ever Poetry and Jazz reading. Spike Milligan, Lydia Pasternak, Laurie Lee, Abse, Robson, Silkin, Mitchell, Brown, Royal Festival Hall, this Sun. 11 June, 3 p.m.

'UNCONSCIOUS Trends in General Health'. Discussion Group 7.30 p.m. 20 June, Overseas League, Park Pl., SW1. Speakers inc. Caron Kent, Ph.D. Enqs: Secretary, Ian Henderson, REGent 7521.

RUDOLF Steiner Centenary Year – 1861-1961. 'Curative Education'. Two lectures by Dr Karl Koenig (Founder of the Camphill Rudolf Steiner School) 14 June at 7.30 p.m. at Steiner Hall, 35 Park Road, London, NW1. Admission 2s., Students 1s.

POETRY in Russia: readings, questions, discussion with Surkov, Bazhan, Andronnikov. Kensington Public Library, Mon. 26 June, 7.30 p.m. Tkts 2s. 6d. from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8 & Collet's Russian Bookshop, 45 Museum St, WC1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 9 June, 8 p.m. Soviet Films: 'Storm over Asia' Sound version by Pudovkin, 'Youth of an old city'. Fri. 16 June, 8 p.m. B. I. Elkin: 'Lessons of Serfs' Emancipation' (in Russian). At French Inst., Queensberry Place, SW7. Sun. 18 June, 3 p.m. Soviet Films: 'Man returns from cosmos – Gagarin', 'Goodbye to pigeon time'. Seats may be reserved.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.939

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